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Choice Poetry.

A HOME PICTURE.

Soft falls the rain on the farmer's roof,
Drop after drop—each coming faster;
While smoking his pipe, by the chimney side,
In a waking dream sits the sturdy master.

Perched on his knee is a blue-eyed girl,
And at the table his wife is singing,
While cutting bread from a snowy loaf—
With a chubby boy at her apron clinging.

The farmer watches the idle smoke,
As it lazily curls to the blacken'd ceiling;
The fall and the fading clouds of blue,
A holy lesson of life revealing.

Dearly he loves, at the evening time,
To sit by the chimney side and ponder;
While the violet eyes of his little one,
Look up in his face with loving wonder.

Like the hum of a bee in the Summer time,
The steps of his wife is soft, and willing,
And the gentle glance of her tender eyes
His heart with the music of home is filling.

Anon she stoops by a cradle bed,
And touches its roof with a careful finger,
And gazes down on a baby face,
With mother eyes that love to linger.

But the blue eyed pet is half asleep,
Her head on her father's bosom lying;
While the chubby boy, with restless hands,
Into hard knots his shoe-strings tying.

The mother takes her rocking-chair,
And dresses them both for their quiet sleeping;
Then low at her knee, with folded hands,
They softly ask for a Father's keeping.

She leads them, skipping along, to bed,
With their white feet making musical clatter;
And they hark in the hall, as the rain drops fall
On the window above with a delicate patter.

The mother kisses their sleepy lips,
Again, and again, till she ceased to number;
And then she waits for the Angel of Rest,
To seal their eyes with a peaceful slumber.

And when she steals to her husband's side,
And clasps his arm with a soft caressing,
He looks in her face, with humid eyes,
And lips that tremble to speak a blessing.

Portland Transcript. C. E. K.

Original Novelet.

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ,
Author of "Eoline," "Linda," "Marcus Warland," etc.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XII.

Beautiful tyrant—fiend angelical—
Dove-feathered raven!—wolf devouring lamb—
Oh, serpent heart—hid in a flowering cave,
Did e'er deceit dwell in so fair a mansion!
Shakspeare.

Pray for the dead.
Why for the dead, who are at rest?
Pray for the living, in whose breast
The struggle between right and wrong
Is raging terrible and strong.
Longfellow.

"Are you willing to remain with her alone, all night?" asked the young doctor.

Helen glanced towards the figure reclining on the bed, whose length appeared almost supernatural, and whose appearance was rendered more gloomy by the dun-colored counterpane that enveloped it,—and though her countenance changed, she answered, "Yes."

"Have you no fears that the old superstitions of your childhood will resume their influence over your imagination, in the stillness of the midnight hour?"

"I wish to subject myself to the trial. I am not quite sure of myself. I know there is no real danger, and it is time that I should battle single-handed with all imaginary foes."

"But supposing your parents should object."

"You must tell them how very ill she is, and how much she wishes me to remain with her. I think they will rejoice in my determination,—rejoice that their poor, weak Helen has any energy of purpose, any will or power to be useful."

"If you knew half your strength, half your power, Helen, I fear you would abuse it."

A bright flame flashed up from the dark, serene depths of his eyes, and played on Helen's downcast face. She had seen its kindling, and now felt its warmth glowing in her cheek, and in her inmost heart. The large, old clock behind the door, struck the hour loudly with its metallic hands. Arthur started and looked at his watch.

"I did not think it was so late," he exclaimed, rising in haste. "I have a patient to visit, whom I promised to be with before this time. Do you know, Helen, we have been talking at least two hours by this fireside? Miss Thusa slumbers long."

He went to the bedside, felt of the sleeper's pulse, listened attentively to her deep, irregular breathing, and then returned to Helen.

"The opiate she has taken will probably keep her in a quiet state during the night—if not, you will recollect the directions I have given—and administer the proper remedies. Does not your courage fail, now I am about to leave you? Have you no misgivings now?"

"I don't know. If I have, I will not express them. I am resolved on self-conquest, and your doubts of my courage only serve to strengthen my resolution."

Arthur smiled—"I see you have a will of your own, Helen, under that gentle, child-like exterior, to which mine is forced to bend. But I will not suffer you to be beyond the reach of assistance. I will send a woman to sleep in the kitchen, whom you can call, if you require her aid. As I told you before, I do not apprehend any immediate danger, though I do not think she will rise from that bed again."

Helen sighed, and tears gathered in her eyes. She accompanied Arthur to the door, that she might put the strong bar across it, which was Miss Thusa's substitute for a lock.

"Perhaps I may call on my return," said he, "but it is very doubtful. Take care of yourself and keep warm. And if any unfavorable change takes place, send the woman for me. And now good-night—dear, good, brave Helen. May God bless, and angels watch over you."

He pressed her hand, wrapped his cloak around him, and left Helen to her solitary vigils. She lifted the massy bar with trembling hands, and slid it into the iron hooks, fitted to receive it. Her hands trembled, but not from fear, but delight. Arthur had called her "dear and brave"—and long after she had seated herself by the lonely hearth, the echo of his gentle, manly accents, seemed floating round the walls.

The illness of Miss Thusa was very sudden. She had risen in the morning in usual health, and pursued until noon her customary occupation—when, all at once, as she told the young doctor, "it seemed as if a knife went through her heart, and a wedge into her brain—and she was sure it was a death-stroke." For the first time, in the course of her long life, she was obliged to take her bed, and there she lay in helplessness and loneliness, unable to summon relief. The young doctor called in the afternoon as a friend, and found his services imperatively required as a physician. The only wish she expressed was to have Helen with her, and as soon as he had relieved the sufferings of his patient, Arthur brought Helen to the Hermitage. When she arrived, Miss Thusa was under the influence of an opiate, but opening her heavy eyes, a ray of light emanated from the dim, gray orbs, as Helen, pale and awe-struck, approached her bedside. She was appalled at seeing that powerful frame so suddenly prostrated,—she was shocked at the change a few hours had wrought in those rough, but commanding features. The large eye-balls looked sunken, and darkly shaded below, while a wan, gray tint, melting off into a bluish white on the temples, was spread over the face.

"You will stay with me to-night, my child," said she, in a voice strangely altered. "I've got something to tell you—and the time is come."

"Yes. I will stay with you as long as you wish, Miss Thusa," replied Helen, passing her hand softly over the hoary locks that shaded the brow of the sufferer. "I will nurse you so tenderly, that you will soon be well again."

"Good child,—blessed child!" murmured she, closing her eyes beneath the slumberous weight of the anodyne, and sinking into a deep sleep.

And now Helen sat alone, watching the aged friend, whose strongly-marked and peculiar character had had so great an influence on her own. For awhile the echo of Arthur's parting words made so much music in her ear, it drowned the harsh, solemn ticking of the old clock, and stole like a sweet lullaby over her spirit. But gradually the ticking sounded louder and louder, and her loneliness pressed heavily upon her. There was a little, dark, walnut table, standing on three curiously wrought legs, in a corner of the room. On this a large Bible, covered with dark, linen cloth, was laid, and on the top of this, Miss Thusa's spectacles, with the bows crossing each other, like the stiffened arms of a corpse. Helen could not bear to look upon those spectacles, which had always seemed to her an inseparable part of Miss Thusa, lying so still and melancholy there. She took them up reverently, and laid them on a shelf, then drawing the table near the fire, or rather carrying it, so as not to awaken the sleeper, she opened the sacred book. The first words which happened to meet her eye were—

"Where is God, my Maker, who giveth me songs in the night?"

The pious heart of the young girl thrilled as she read this beautiful and appropriate text.

"Surely, oh God, Thou art here," was the unspoken language of that young, believing heart, "here in this lonely cottage, here by this bed of sickness, and here also in this trembling, fearing, yet trusting spirit. In every life-beat throbbing in my veins, Thy awful steps I hear. Yet Thou canst not come, Thou canst not go, for Thou art ever near, unseen, yet felt, an all pervading, glorious presence."

Had any one seen Helen, seated by that solitary hearth, with her hands clasped over those holy pages, her mild, devotional eyes raised to Heaven, the light quivering in a halo round her brow, they might have imagined her a young Saint, or a young Sister of Charity, ministering to the sufferings of that world whose pleasures she had abjured.

A low knock was heard at the door. It must be the young doctor, for who else would call at such an hour? Yet Helen hesitated and trembled, holding her breath to listen, thinking it possible it was but the pressure of the wind, or some rat tramping within the walls. But when the knock was repeated, with a little more emphasis, she took the lamp, entered the narrow passage, closing the door softly after her, removed the massy bar, certain of beholding the countenance which was the sunlight of her soul. What was her astonishment and terror, on seeing instead the never-to-be-forgotten face and form of Bryant Clinton. Had she seen one of those awful figures which Miss Thusa used to describe, she would scarcely have been more appalled than by the unexpected sight of this transcendently handsome young man.

"Is terror the only emotion I can inspire—after so long an absence, too?" he asked, seizing her hand in both his, and riveting upon her his wonderfully expressive, dark blue eyes. "Forgive me if I have alarmed you, but forbidden your father's house, and knowing your presence here, I have dared to come hither that I might see you one moment before I leave these regions, perhaps forever."

"Impossible, Mr. Clinton," cried Helen, recovering, in some measure, from her consternation, though her color came and went like the beacon's revolving flame. "I cannot see you at this unseasonable hour. There is a sick, a very sick person in the next room with whom I am watching. I cannot ask you to come in. Besides," she added, with a dignity that enchanted the bold intruder, "if I cannot see you in my father's house, it is not proper that I see you at all." She drew back quickly, uttering a hasty "Good-night," and was about to close the door, when Clinton glided in, shutting the door after him.

"You must hear me, Helen," said he, in that sweet, low voice, peculiar to himself. "Had it not been for you I should never have returned. I told you once that I loved you, but if I loved you then I must adore you now. You are ten thousand times more lovely. Helen, you do not know how charming, how beautiful you are. You do not know the enthusiastic devotion, the deathless passion you have inspired."

"I cannot conceive of such depths of falsehood," exclaimed Helen, her timid eyes kindling with indignation, "all this have you said to Mittie, and far more, and she, mistaken girl, believes you true."

"I deceived myself, alas!" cried he, in a tone of bitter sorrow. "I thought I loved her, for I had not yet seen and known her gentler, lovelier sister. Forgive me, Helen—love is not the growth of our will. 'Tis a flower that springs spontaneously in the human heart, of celestial fragrance, and destined to immortal bloom."

"If I thought you really loved me," said Helen, in a softened tone, shrinking from the fascination of his glance, and the sorcery of his voice, "I should feel great and exceeding sorrow—for it would be in vain. But the love that I have imagined is of a very different nature. Slowly kindled, it burns with steady and unceasing glory, unchanging as the sun, and eternal as the soul."

Helen paused with a burning flush, fearful that she had revealed the one secret of her heart so lately revealed to herself, and Clinton resumed his passionate declarations.

"If you will not go," said she, all her terror returning at the vehemence of his suit, "if you will not go," looking wildly at the door that separated her from the sick room, "I will leave you here. You dare not follow me. The destroying angel guards this threshold."

In her excitement she knew not what she uttered. The words came unbidden from her lips. She laid her hand on the latch, but Clinton caught hold of it ere she had time to lift it.

"You shall not leave me, by heaven, you shall not, till you have answered one question. Is it for the cold, calculating Arthur Hazleton you reject such love as mine?"

Instead of uttering an indignant denial to this sudden and vehement interrogation, Helen trembled and turned pale. Her natural timidity and sensitiveness returned with overpowering influence, and added to these, a keen sense of shame at being accused of an unsolicited attachment, a charge she could not with truth repel, humbled and oppressed her.

"A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid."

So thought Helen, while shrinking from the glance that gleamed upon her, like blue steel flashing in the sunbeams. Yes! Arthur Hazleton was cold compared to Clinton. He loved her even as he did Alice, with a calm, brotherly affection, and that was all. He had never praised her beauty or attractions—never offered the slightest incense to her vanity or pride. Sometimes he had uttered indirect expressions, which had made her bosom throb wildly with hope, but humility soon chastened the emotion which delicacy taught her to conceal. Cold indeed sounded the warmest phrase he had ever addressed her, "God bless you, dear, good, brave Helen," to Clinton's romantic and impassioned language, though, when it fell from his lips, it passed with such melting warmth into her heart. Swift as a swallow's flight these thoughts darted through Helen's mind, and gave an indecision and embarrassment to her manner, which emboldened Clinton with hopes of success. All at once her countenance changed. The strangeness of her situation, the lateness of the hour, the impropriety of receiving such a visitor in that little dark, narrow passage,—the dread of Arthur's coming in, and finding her alone with her dreaded though splendid companion,—the fear that Miss Thusa might waken and require her assistance,—the vision of her father's displeasure and Mittie's jealous wrath—all swept in a stormy gust before her, driving away every consideration but one—the desire for escape, and the determination to effect it. The apprehension of awaking Miss Thusa, by rushing into her room, died in the grasp of a greater terror.

"Let me go," she exclaimed, wrenching her hand from his tightening hold. "Let me go. You madden me."

In her haste to open the door the latch rattled, and the door swung to with a violence that called forth a groan from the awakening sleeper. Turning the wooden button that fastened it on the inside, she sunk down into the first seat in her reach, and a dark shadow, flecked with sparks of fire, floated before her eyes. Chill and dizzy she thought she was going to faint, when her name, pronounced distinctly by Miss Thusa, recalled her bewildered senses. She rose, and it seemed as if the bed came to her, for she was not conscious of walking to it, but she found herself bending over the patient and looking steadfastly into her clouded eyes.

"Helen, my dear," said she, "I feel a great deal better. I must have slept a long time. Have I not? Give me a little water. There, now sit down close by my bed and listen. If that knife cuts my breath again, I shall have to give up talking. Just raise my head a little, and hand me my spectacles off the big Bible. I can't talk without them. But how dim the glasses are. Wipe them for me, child. There's dust settled on them."

Helen took the glasses and wiped them with her soft linen handkerchief, but she sighed as she did so, well knowing that it was the eyes that were growing dim instead of the crystal that covered them.

"A little better—a little better," said the spinster, looking wistfully towards the candle. "Now, Helen, my dear, just step into the other room and bring here my wheel. It is heavy, but not beyond your strength. I always bring it in here at night, but I can't do it now. I was taken sick so sudden, I forgot it. It's my stay-by and stand-by—you know."

Helen looked so startled and wild, that Miss Thusa imagined her struck with superstitious terror at the thought of going alone into another room.

"I'm sorry to see you've not outgrown your weaknesses," said she. "It's my fault, I'm afraid, but I hope the Lord will forgive me for it."

Helen was not afraid of the lonely room, so near and so lately occupied, but she was afraid of encountering Clinton, who might be lingering by the open door. But Miss Thusa's request, sick and helpless as she was, had the authority of a command, and she rose to obey her. She barred the outer door without catching the gleam of Clinton's dark, shining hair, and having brought the wheel, with panting breath, for it was indeed very heavy, sat down with a feeling of security and relief, since the enemy was now shut out by double barriers. One window was partly raised to admit the air to Miss Thusa's oppressed lungs, but they were both fastened above.

"You had better not exert yourself, Miss Thusa," said Helen, after giving her the medicine which the doctor had prescribed. "You are not strong enough to talk much now."

"I shall never be stronger, my child. My day is almost spent, and the night cometh, wherein no man can work. I always thought I should have a sudden call, and when I was struck with that sharp pain, I knew my Master was knocking at the door. The Lord be praised, I don't want to bar Him out. I'm ready and willing to go, willing to close my long and lonely life. I have had few to love, and few to care for me, but, thank God, the one I love best of all does not forsake me in my last hour. Helen, darling. God bless you—God bless you, my blessed child."

The voice of the aged spinster faltered, and tear after tear trickled like wintry rain down her furrowed cheeks. All the affections of a naturally warm and generous heart lingered round the young girl, who was still to her the little child whom she had cradled in her arms, and hushed into the stillness of awe by her ghostly legends. Helen, inexpressibly affected, leaned her head on Miss Thusa's pillow, and wept and sobbed audibly. She did not know, till this moment, how strong and deep-rooted was her attachment for this singular and isolated being. There was an individuality, a grandeur in her character, to which Helen's timid, upward-looking spirit paid spontaneous homage. The wild sweep of her imagination, always kept within the limits of the purest morality, her stern sense of justice, tempered by sympathy and compassion, and the tenderness and sensibility that so often softened her harsh and severe lineaments, commanded her respect and admiration. Even her person, which was generally deemed ungainly and unattractive, was invested with majesty and a certain grace in Helen's partial eyes. She was old—but hers was the sublimity of age without its infirmity, the hoariness of winter without its chilliness. It seemed impossible to associate with her the idea of dissolution. Yet there she lay, helpless as an infant, with no more strength to resist the Almighty's will, than a feather to hurl back the force of the whirlwind.

"You see that wheel, Helen," said she, recovering her usual calmness—"I told you that I should bequeath it, as a legacy, to you. Don't despise the homely gift. You see those brass bands, with grooves in them—just screw them to the right as hard as you can—a little harder."

Helen screwed and twisted till her slender wrists ached, when the brass suddenly parted, and a number of gold pieces rolled upon the floor.

"Pick them up, and put them back," said Miss Thusa, "and screw it up again—all the joints will open in that way. The wood is hollowed out and filled with gold, which I bequeath to you. My will is in there, too, made by the lawyers where I found the money. You remember when that advertisement was put in the papers, and I went on that journey, part of the way with you. Well, I must tell you the shortest way, though it's a long story. It was written by a lady, on her death-bed, a widow lady, who had no children, and a large property of her own. You don't remember my brother,

Our Picture Gallery.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN FRANCE.

We copy the above engraving of "Courgainaise Women Hauling a Fishing Boat," from the "London Illustrated News." Those that perused a letter published by us some time ago, written by Prof. Birney, then in France, will not be so much startled as some others, at seeing a picture of women in the traces. In France, the idea of the "equality (*sameness*) of the sexes," as advocated by Miss Antoinette Brown, and others, is no new thing. The consequences are such scenes as are pictured above. And a further consequence, probably, is the general looseness of morals which prevails. In reading the records of the French revolutions, we are struck with the fact that the French mob pays no more deference to woman, even when young and beautiful, than it does to man. It is as ready to mutilate and sacrifice the one as the other. This seems to denote the very lowest depths of brutality, to an American reader. But, if Miss Antoinette Brown be correct, it would be absurd in a mob, or in an army, to show more tenderness to an enemy merely because she was a woman.

but your father does. He was a hater of the world, and almost made me one. Well, it seemed he had a cause for his misanthropy which I never knew of, for when he was a young man he went away from home, and we didn't hear from him for years. When he came back, he was sad and sickly, and wanted to get into some little quiet place, where nobody would molest him. Then it was we came to this little cabin, where he died, in this very room, and this very bed, too."

Miss Thusa paused, and the room and the bed seemed all at once clothed with supernatural solemnity, by the sad consecration of death. Death had been there—death was waiting there.

"Oh! Miss Thusa, you are faint and weary. Do stop and rest, I pray you," cried Helen, bathing her forehead with camphor, and holding a glass of water to her lips.

But the unnatural strength which opium gives sustained her, and she continued her narrative.

"This lady, when young, had loved and been betrothed to my brother, and then forsook him for a wealthier man. It was that which ruined him, and I never knew it. He had one of those still natures, where the waters of sorrow lie deep as a well. They never overflow. She told me that she never had had one happy moment from the time she married, and that her conscience gnawed her for her broken faith. Her husband died, and left her a rich widow, without a child to leave her property to. After a while she fell sick of a long and lingering disease, for which there is no cure. Then she thought if she could leave her money to my brother, or he being dead, to some of his kin, she could die with more comfort. So, she put the advertisement in the paper, which you all saw. I didn't want the money, and wanted to come away without it, but she sent for a lawyer, and had it all fastened upon me by deeds and writings, whether I was willing or not. She didn't live but a few days after I got there. The lawyer was very kind, and assisted me in my plans, though he thought them very odd. There is no need of wasting my breath in telling how I had the money changed into gold, and the wheel fixed in the way you see it, after a fashion of my own. I would not have touched one cent of it, had it not been for you, and next to you, that poor boy, Louis. I didn't want any one to know it, and be dinning in my ears about money from morning to night. I had no use for it myself, for habits don't change when the winter of life is begun. There is no use for it in the dark grave to which I am hastening. There is no use for it near the great white throne of God, where I shall shortly stand. When I am dead and gone, Helen, take that wheel home, and give it a place wherever you are, for old Miss Thusa's sake. I really think—I'm a strange, foolish old woman—but I really think I should like to have its likeness painted on my coffin lid. A kind of coat-of-arms, you know, child."

Miss Thusa did not relate all this without pausing many times for breath, and when she concluded she closed her eyes, exhausted by the effort she had made. In a short time she again slept, and Helen sat pondering in mute amazement over the disclosure made by one whom she had imagined so very indigent. The gold weighed heavy on her mind. It did not seem real, so strangely acquired, so mysteriously concealed. It reminded her of the tales of the genii, more than of the actualities of everyday life. She prayed that Miss Thusa might live and take care of it herself for long years to come.

Several times during the recital, she thought she heard a sound at the window, but when she turned her head to ascertain the cause, she saw nothing but the curtain slightly fluttering in the wind that crept in at the opening, with a soft, sighing sound.

It was the first time she had ever watched with the sick, and she found it a very solemn thing. Yet with all the solemnity and gloom brooding over her, she felt inexpressible gratitude that she was not haunted by the spectral illusions of her childhood. Reason was no longer the vassal, but the monarch of imagination, and though the latter often proved a restless and wayward subject, it acknowledged the former as its legitimate sovereign.

Miss Thusa, lying so rigid and immovable on her back, with her hands crossed on her breast, a white linen handkerchief folded over her head and fastened under the chin, looked so resembling death, that it was difficult to think of her as a living, breathing thing. Helen gazed upon her with indescribable awe, sometimes believing it was nothing but soulless clay before her, but even then she gazed without horror. Her exceeding terror of death was gone, without her being conscious of its departure. It was like the closing of a dark abyss—there was *terra firma*, where an awful chasm had been. There was more terror to her in the vitality burning in her own heart, than in that poor, enfeebled form. How strong were its pulsations, how loud they sounded in the midnight stillness!—louder than the death-watch that ticked by the hearth. To escape from the beatings of "this muffled drum" of life, she went to the window, and partly drawing aside the curtain, breathed on a pane of glass, so that the gauzy veil the frost had woven might melt away and admit the vertical rays of the midnight moon. How beautiful, how resplendent was the scene that was spread out before her! She had not thought before of looking abroad, and it was the first time the solemn glories of the noon of night had unfolded to her view. In the morning a drizzling rain had fallen, which had frozen as it fell on the branches of the leafless trees, and now on every little twig hung pendant diamonds, glittering in the moonbeams. The ground was partially covered with snow, but where it lay bare, it was powdered with diamond dust. A silvery net-work was drawn over the windows, save one clear spot, which her melting breath had made. She looked up to the moon, shining so high, so lone on the pale azure of a wintry heaven, and felt an impulse to kneel down and worship it, as the loveliest, holiest image of the Creator's goodness and love. How tranquil, how serene, how soft, yet glorious it shone forth from the still depths of ether! What a divine melancholy it diffused over the sleeping earth! Helen felt as she often did when looking up into the eyes of Arthur Hazleton. So tranquil, so serene, yet so glorious were their beams to her, and so silently and holily did they sink into the soul.

In the morning the young doctor found his patient in the same feeble, slumberous state. There was no apparent change either for better or worse, and he thought it probable she might linger days and even weeks, gradually sinking, till she slept the last great sleep.

"You look weary and languid, Helen," said he, anxiously regarding the young watcher, "I hope nothing disturbed your lonely vigils. I endeavored to return, that I might relieve you, in some measure, of your fatiguing duty, but was detained the whole night."

Helen thought of the terror she had suffered from Clinton's intrusion, but she did not like to speak of it. Perhaps he had already left the neighborhood, and it seemed ungenerous and useless to betray him.

"I certainly had no ghostly visitors," said she, "and what is more, I did not fear them. All unreal phantasies fled before that sad reality," looking on the wan features of Miss Thusa.

"I see you have profited by the discipline of the last twelve hours," cried Arthur, "and it was most severe, for one of your temperament and early habits. I have heard it said," he added, thoughtfully, "that those who follow my profession, become callous and indifferent to human suffering—that their nerves are steeled, and their hearts indurated—but I do not find it the case with me; I never approach the bedside of the sick and the dying without deep and solemn emotion. I feel nearer the grave, nearer to Heaven and God."

"No—I am sure it cannot be said of you," said Helen, earnestly, "you are always kind and sympathizing—quick to relieve, and slow to inflict pain."

"Ah, Helen, you forget how cruel I was in forcing you back, where the deadly viper had been coiled; in making you take that dark, solitary walk in search of the sleeping Alice; and even last night I might have spared you your lonely night watch, if I would. Had I told you that you were too inexperienced and inefficient to be a good nurse, you would have believed me and yielded your place, or at least shared it with another. Do you still think me kind?"

"Most kind, even when most exacting," she replied. Whenever her feelings were excited, her deep feelings of joy as well as sorrow, Helen's eyes always glistened. This peculiarity gave a soft, pensive expression to her countenance that was indescribably winning, and made her smile from the effect of contrast enchantingly sweet.

The glistening eye and the enchanting smile that followed these words, or rather accompanied them, were not altogether lost on Arthur.

Mrs. Gleason came to relieve Helen from the care of nursing, and insisted upon her immediate return home. Helen obeyed with reluctance, claiming the privilege of resuming her watch again at night. She wanted to be with Miss Thusa in her last moments. She had a sublime curiosity to witness the last strife of body and soul, the separation of the visible and the invisible; but when night came on, exhausted nature sought renovation in the deepest slumbers that had ever wrapped her. Arthur, perceiving some change in his patient, resolved to remain with her himself, having hired a woman to act as subordinate nurse during Miss Thusa's sickness. She occupied the kitchen as bed-room—an apartment running directly back of the sick chamber.

Miss Thusa's strength was slowly, gently wasting. Disease had struck her at first like a sharp poignard, but life flowed away from the wound without much after suffering. The greater part of the time she lay in a comatose state, from which it was difficult to rouse her.

Arthur sat by the fire, with a book in his hand, which at times seemed deeply to interest him, and at others, he dropped it in his lap, and gazing intently into the glowing coals, appeared absorbed in the mysteries of thought.

About midnight, when reverie had deepened into slumber, he was startled by a low knock at the door. He had not fastened it as elaborately as Helen had done, and quickly and noiselessly opening it, he demanded who was there. It was a young boy, bearing him a note from the family he had visited the preceding night. His patient was attacked with some very alarming symptoms, and begged his immediate attendance. Having wakened the woman and commissioned her to watch during his absence, Arthur departed, surprised at the unexpected summons, as he had seen the patient at twilight, who then appeared in a fair way of recovery. His surprise was still greater, when arriving at the house he found that no summons had been sent for him, no note written, but the whole household were wrapped in peaceful slumbers. The note, which he carried in his pocket, was pronounced a forgery, and must have been written with some dark and evil design. But what could it be? Who could wish to draw him away from that poor, lone cottage, that poor sick, dying woman? It was strange, inexplicable.

Mr. Mason, the gentleman in whose name the note had been written, and who fortunately happened to be the Sheriff of the county, insisted upon accompanying him back to the cottage, and aiding him to discover its mysterious purpose. It might be a silly plot of some silly boy, but that did not seem at all probable, as Arthur was so universally respected and beloved—and such was the dignity and affability of his character, that no one would think of playing upon him a foolish and insulting trick.

The distance was not great, and they walked with rapid footsteps over the crisp and frozen ground. Around the cabin, the snow formed a thick carpet, which, lying in shade, had not been glazed, like the general surface of the landscape. Their steps did not resound on this white covering, and instead of crossing the stile in front of the cabin, they vaulted over the fence and approached the door by a side path. The moment Arthur laid his hand upon the latch he knew some one had entered the house during his absence, for he had closed the door and now it was ajar. With one bound he cleared the passage, and Mr. Mason, who was a tall and strong man, was not left much in the rear. The inner door was not latched, and opened at the touch. The current of air which rushed in with their sudden entrance rolled into the chimney, and the fire flashed up and roared, illuminating every object within. Near the centre of the room stood a man, wrapped in a dark cloak that completely concealed his figure, a dark mask covering his face, and a fur-cap pulled deep over his forehead. He stood by the side of Miss Thusa's wheel, which presented the appearance of a ruin, with its brazen bands wrenched asunder, and its fragments strewed upon the floor. He was evidently arrested in the act of destruction, for one hand grasped the distaff, the other clutched something which he sought to conceal in the folds of his cloak.

Miss Thusa, partly raised on her elbow, which shook and trembled from the weight it supported, was gazing with impotent despair on her dismembered wheel. A dim fire quivered in her sunken eyes, and her sharpened and prominent features were made still more ghastly by the opaque frame-work of white linen that surrounded them. She was uttering faint and broken ejaculations,

"Monster—robber!—my treasure! Take the gold—take it, but spare my wheel! Poor Helen! I gave it to her! Poor child! It's she you are robbing, not me? Oh, my God! my heart strings are breaking! My wheel, that I loved like a human being! Lord, Lord, have mercy upon me!"

These piteous exclamations met the ear of Arthur as he entered the room, and roused all the latent wrath of his nature. He forgot every thing but the dark, masked figure which, gathering up its cloak, sprang towards the door, with the intention of escaping, but an iron grasp held it back. Seldom, indeed, were the strong but subdued passions of Arthur Hazleton suffered to master him, but now they had the ascendency. He never thought of calling on Mr. Mason to assist him quietly in securing the robber, as he might have done, but yielding to an irresistible impulse of vengeance, he grappled fiercely with the mask, who writhed and struggled in his unclenching hold. Something fell rattling on the floor, and continued to rattle as the strife went on. Mr. Mason, knowing that by virtue of his authority he could arrest the offender at once, looked on with that strange pleasure which men feel in witnessing scenes of conflict. He was astonished at the transformation of the young doctor. He had always seen him so calm and gentle in the chamber of sickness, so peaceful in his intercourse with his fellow-men, that he did not know the lamb could be thus changed into the lion.

Arthur had now effected his object, in unmasking and uncloaking his antagonist, and he found himself face to face with—Bryant Clinton. The young men stood gazing at each other for a few moments in perfect silence. They were both of an ashy paleness, and their eyes glittered under the shadow of their darkened brows. But Clinton could not long sustain that steadfast, victor glance. His own wavered and fell, and the blood swept over his face in a reddening wave.

"Let me go," said he, in a low, husky voice, "I am in your power; but be magnanimous and release me. I throw myself on your generosity, not your justice."

Arthur's sternly upbraiding eye softened into an expression of the deepest sorrow, not unmingled with contempt, on beholding the degradation of this splendidly endowed young man. He reminded him of a fallen angel, with his glorious plumage all soiled and polluted with the mire and corruption of earth. He never had faith in his integrity; he believed him to be the tempter of Louis, the deceiver of Mittie, reckless and unprincipled where pleasure was concerned, but he did not believe him capable of such a daring transgression. Had he been alone, he would have released him, for his magnanimity and generosity would have triumphed over his sense of justice, but legal authority was present, and to that he was forced to submit.

"I arrest you, sir, in virtue of my authority as sheriff of the county," exclaimed Mr. Mason; "empty your pockets of the gold you have purloined from this woman, and then follow me. Quick, or I'll give you rough aid."

The pomp and aristocracy of Clinton's appearance and manners had made him unpopular in the neighborhood, and it is not strange that a man whom he had never condescended to notice should triumph in his disgrace. He looked on with vindictive pleasure while Clinton, after a useless resistance, produced the gold he had secreted, but Arthur turned away his head in shame. He could not bear to witness the depth of his degradation. His cheek burned with painful blushes, as the gold clinked on the table, ringing forth the tale of Clinton's guilt.

"Now, sir, come along," cried the stern voice of the sheriff. "Doctor, I leave the care of this to you."

While he was speaking, he drew a pair of hand-cuffs from his pocket, which he had slipped in before leaving home, thinking they might come in use.

"You shall not degrade me thus!" exclaimed Clinton, haughtily, writhing in his grasp; "you shall never put those vile things on me!"

"Softly, softly, young gentleman," cried the sheriff, "I shall hurt your fair wrists if you don't stand still. There, that will do. Come along. No halting."

Arthur gave one glance towards the retreating form of Clinton, as he passed through the door, with his haughty head now drooping on his breast, wearing the iron badge of crime, and groaned in spirit that so fair a temple should not be occupied by a nobler indwelling guest. So rapidly had the scene passed, so still and lone seemed the apartment, for Miss Thusa had sunk back on her pillow mute and exhausted, that he was tempted to believe that it was nothing but a dream. But the wheel lay in fragments at his feet, the gold lay in shining heaps upon the table, and a dark mask grinned from the floor. That gold, too!—how dream-like its existence! Was Miss Thusa a female Midas or Aladdin? Was the dull brass lamp burning on the table, the gift of the genii? Was the old gray cabin a witch's magic home?

Rousing himself with a strong effort, he examined the condition of his patient, and was grieved to find how greatly this shock had accelerated the work of disease. Her pulse was faint and flickering, her skin cold and clammy, but after swallowing a cordial, and inhaling the strong odor of hartshorn, a reaction took place, and she revived astonishingly; but when she spake, her mind evidently wandered, sometimes into the shadows of the past, sometimes into the light of the future.

"What shall I do with this?" asked Arthur, pointing to the gold, anxious to bring her thoughts to some central point; "and these, too?" stooping down and picking up a fragment of the wheel.

"Screw it up again—screw it up," she replied, quickly, "and put the gold back in it. 'Tis Helen's—all little Helen's. Don't let them rob her after I'm dead."

Rejoicing to hear her speak so rationally, though wondering if what she said of Helen was not the imagining of a disordered brain, he began to examine the pieces of the wheel, and found that with the exertion of a little skill he could put them together again, and that it was only some slender parts of the machine which were broken. He placed the money in its hollow receptacles, united the brazen rings, and smoothed the tangled flax that twined the distaff. Ever and anon Miss Thusa turned her fading glance towards him, and murmured,

"It is good! It is good!"

For more than an hour she lay perfectly still, when suddenly moving, she exclaimed,

"Put away the curtain—it's too dark."

Arthur drew aside the curtain from the window nearest the bed, and the pale, cold moonlight came in, in white, shining bars, and striped the dark counterpane. One fell across Miss Thusa's face, and illuminated it with a strange and ghastly lustre.

"Has the moon gone down?" she asked. "I thought it stayed till morning in the sky. But my glasses are getting wondrous dim. I must have a new pair, doctor. How slow the wheel turns round; the band keeps slipping off, and the crank goes creaking, creaking, for want of oil. Little Helen, take your feet off the treadle, and don't sit so close, darling. I can't breathe."

She panted a few moments, catching her breath with difficulty, then tossing her arms above the bed-cover, said, in a fainter voice,

"The great wheel of eternity keeps rolling on, and we are all bound upon it. How grandly it moves, and all the time the flax on the distaff is smoking. God says in the Bible He will not quench it, but blow it to a flame. You've read the Bible, haven't you, doctor? It is a powerful book. It tells about Moses and the Lamb. I'll tell you a story, Helen, about a Lamb that was slain. I've told you a great many, but never one like this. Come nearer, for I can't speak very loud. Take care, the thread is sliding off the spool. Cut it, doctor, cut it; it's winding round my heart so tight! Oh, my God! it snaps in two!"

These were the last words the aged spinster ever uttered. The main-spring of life was broken. When the cold, gray light of morning had extinguished the pallid splendor of the moon, and one by one the objects in the little room came forth from the dimness of shade, which a single lamp had not power to disperse, a great change was visible. The dark covering of the bed was removed, the bed itself was gone—but through a snowy white sheet that was spread over the frame, the outline of a tall form was visible. All was silent as the grave. A woman sat by the hearth, with a grave and solemn countenance—so grave and so solemn she seemed a fixture in that still apartment. The wheel stood still by the bed-frame, the spectacles lay still on the Bible, and a dark, gray dress hung in still, dreary folds against the wall.

After a while the woman rose, and walking on tiptoe, holding her breath as she walked, pulled the sheet a little further one side. Foolish woman! had she stepped with the thunderer's tread, she could not have disturbed the cold sleeper, covered with that snowy sheet.

Two or three hours after, the door opened and the young doctor entered with a young girl clinging to his arm. She was weeping, and as soon as she caught a glimpse of the white sheet she burst into loud sobs.

"We will relieve you of your watch a short time," said Arthur; and the woman left the room. He led Helen to the bedside, and turning back the sheet, exposed the venerable features composed into everlasting repose. Helen did not recoil or tremble as she gazed. She even hushed her sobs, as if fearing to ruffle the inexpressible placidity of that dreamless rest. Every trace of harshness was removed from the countenance, and a serene melancholy reigned in its stead. A smile far more gentle than she ever wore in life, lingered on the wan and frozen lips.

"How benign she looks," ejaculated Helen, "how happy! I could gaze forever on that peaceful, silent face—and yet I once thought death so terrible."

"Life is far more fearful, Helen. Life, with all its feverish unrest, its sinful strife, its storms of passion and its waves of sorrow. Oh, had you beheld the scene which I last night witnessed in this very room—a scene in which life revelled in wildest power, you would tremble at the thought of possessing a vitality capable of such unholy excitement—you would envy the quietude of that unbreathing bosom."

"And yet," said Helen, "I have often heard you speak of life as an inestimable, a glorious gift, as so rich a blessing that the single heart had not room to contain the gratitude due."

"And so it is, Helen, if rightly used. I am wrong to give it so dark a coloring—ungrateful because my own experience is bright beyond the common lot—unwise, for I should not sadden your views by anticipation. Yes, if life is fearful from its responsibilities, it is glorious in its hopes and rich in its joys. Its mysteries only increase its grandeur, and prove its divine origin."

Thus Arthur continued to talk to Helen, sustaining and elevating her thoughts, till she forgot that she came in sorrow and tears.

There was another, who came, when he thought none was near, to pay the last tribute of sorrow over the remains of Miss Thusa, and that was Louis. He thought of his last interview with her, and her last words reverberated in his ear in the silence of that lonely room,—"In the name of your mother in Heaven, go and sin no more."

Louis sunk upon his knees by that cold and voiceless form, and vowed, in the strength of the Lord, to obey her parting injunction. He could never now repay the debt he owed, but he could do more—he could be just to himself and the memory of her who had opened her lips wisely to reprove, and her hand kindly to relieve.

Peace be to thee, ancient sibyl, lonely dweller of the old gray cottage. No more shall thy busy fingers twist with curious skill the flaxen fibres that wreath thy distaff—no more shall the hum of thy wheel mingle in chorus with the buzzing of the fly and the chirping of the cricket. But as thou didst say in thy dying hour, "the great wheel of eternity keeps rolling on," and thou art borne along with it, no longer a solitary, weary pilgrim, without an arm to sustain or kindred heart to cheer, but we humbly trust, one of that innumerable, glorious company, who, clothed in white robes and bearing branching palms, sing the great praise-song that never shall end, "Alleluia—the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Selected Articles.

DOMESTIC AND SOCIAL LIFE IN GERMANY.

In one of our rooms this evening, the dance went on most spiritedly. Here, as everywhere in Germany, the dance is an entirely different affair from what it is with us at home. There is a life and spirit in it which contrasts most pleasantly with the solemn and measured ceremonials in our parlors in America. For the first time I gained the true idea of the dance—a musical, joyous, child-like expression of good spirits.

"What! you dance not?" said a young lady to me, whom I knew well, in English, as I stood watching the merry groups.

"No, I never dance."

"Perhaps you are from the *Pietisten*, who think it wrong to dance?"

"Oh, no, I like to see it very much."

"Are your country people so strict as the English in dancing and Sabbath-keeping?"

I told her I thought they were in the last, but a great many good people approved of dancing. Still we did not have *that* dance among us.

"*So!*" said she. "That is one of our prettiest dances—a Hungarian dance. See, the gentleman *pfeift*—what call you it? whistles!"

A Hungarian was at the piano, and he commenced a running accompaniment by whistling the air, which had a very enlivening effect.

"They say your people never play; they work always!" said she again.

"Yes; it is too true," I answered; "we make our play, work."

"But we poor Germans have nothing else than play to do," said she, with a half-sigh. "How should I like to see America! The Nature must be grand there. But then you Americans are so *praktisch*," (practical.)

I said I did not think we all were; and asked her if she had read the volume of Poems, (Holmes's Poems) which I had lent her.

"Oh, yes!" said she, "I am so much obliged! There is no other poetry like it. It is utterly characteristic—so fresh and original—and how simple! remember you that of the old man?"

"And the mossy marbles rest
On the lips he once has pressed
In their bloom!"

"But then so practical! No German young gentleman would so write to his bride, as that one who speaks of his dollars and shillings; and his presents, which he shall not again have!"

I could not restrain a good laugh. The poem was that one of Holmes's—

"Of my cooings and my billings
I do not now complain;
But the dollars and the shillings
They will never come again!"

I was obliged to explain to her, that to us Americans, that was the very joke.

"*Ach Gott*, I see! You are a strange people!" and she took my arm into another room.

"Is it true," she asked, as we sat down together, "that your ladies in America sit still in the houses, and read, and cause the husbands and the servants to work everything?"

"Oh, no!" I answered, and then tried to explain to her the position of woman in American society.

"So! It is very different here. You see that lady across the room, very stout, with earrings and light hair? that is the Frau Professor and Geheimrath S——; but she goes down every morning and cooks in the kitchen till eleven hour. I myself divide my householding with my sister; and since six months, I have kept the accounts, and go to the markets, and look the cooking every day over, and brush the rooms and clarify the dishes. The next six months will my sister take; and, oh! will I not be glad!"—*Brace's Home Life in Germany.*

THE DEAD.—How seldom do we think of the dead! Although we sit around the same hearths where they once sat, and read from the same volume they so loved to peruse, yet we do not often think of them. Oh, how the heart throbs with wild and uncontrollable emotions, as we stand beside the dying friend we dearly love! We wildly strive, but all in vain, to prolong the precious life; we follow in deepest anguish down to the dark flowing river; the spirit of the loved one passes onward alone—and we are left to linger on the shores of time. We think, as we behold the inanimate form consigned to the cold grave, and hear the damp earth rattle over it, that we will never forget the life scenes of the departed—that their memory will always remain fresh in our hearts, and almost wonder that the busy multitude can move on so briskly around us. But the sun shines brightly as ever on the new-made grave. Nature looks as gay and smiling, and the birds sing as merrily as before. Again we mingle with the busy, justling throng. Weeks and months roll on—we visit the grave less frequently—and gradually cease to think of the lost ones, save when some sweet voice or incident of bygone days recalls them to our memory. The feelings of bitter anguish and bereavement are soon worn off by the accumulating cares and pleasures of life. Thus we, in turn, must ere long pass away, and be forgotten. Such is human life.

☞ Hope not for constant harmony in the married state. The best husbands and wives are those who bear occasionally from each other, sallies of ill-humor with patient mildness.

OUT-DOORS AT IDLEWILD.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

In the making of a shelf-road around one of the precipices of Idlewild—(something like the way to a hanging-bird's nest when we began, but at present, the winding and easy access to the cottage from the Newburg side)—we have had a larger amount of *wall laying* than has entered into my previous out-door experience; and I have taken a lesson in it, of which, perhaps, I can say an instructive word or so. My friend the builder will not take alarm, I hope. I would not rashly invert his art and mystery. I refer not to mason-work proper—such as is done with trowel and hammer, and plumb-line and spirit-level—but to such laying up of loose stones by the hand as is done for common day-wages, though usually by the smarter class of laboring men.

My study of the matter was by way of understanding the preferences of two of my "hands" who seemed equally industrious—one wishing to work by the day, however, and the other to be paid by the rood. As they were both old at the business, I thought it must be rather a difference of natural character than of skill or profit—in either case, a difference worth understanding—and, as the weather was of the kind that throws us upon ourselves for amusement, I put on my mittens, and, as the farmers say, "took hold" with my men.

Our way, that morning, lay through a group of large hemlocks; and, by the inexorable level of carriage-road grading, the noblest tree was undermined on the lower side. To soothe the old monarch—build a wall that would hold up the fresh earth once more around the exposed roots—took for my first experiment at stone-laying. It may not deepen the shade of the old tree, perhaps, to have done this myself; but I shall enjoy it more from having made sure of my welcome to it.

One is a better judge of most work by having had some little apprenticeship at it, and by what I found difficult or easy in my own handling of the material, I soon began to see the difference between my friends By-the-day and By-the-job. By-the-day worked much the hardest. By-the-job was a little longer looking at the fresh cart-load before making his selection, but the taking the stone up, and setting it in its place, was usually but one movement; or, he gave it a turn in the air with his upward lift, brought the proper face of it to the front with one effort of mind and hand, and, once dropped into the line of the wall, *that* stone was done with. If it was not a fit, (though it generally was) he had given it its proportion of look and lift, and the next one must remedy the defect—prop or overlay it. He built as good wall, on the whole, as the other man, seemed to be taking it very easy in comparison to the other's hard work, and got on a trifle faster. The difference, I saw, consisted in thoroughly deciding on every movement before it was made, making it promptly, and wasting no time in reconsiderings. If I had been a casual observer, I should have thought By-the-day was the more industrious and better man. By-the-job would be my preference, after thus seeing them closer.

But I must record my own success in wall-laying—rounding the corners of the rough-edged apology to the old hemlock. "He who exults in himself," says the elder D'Israeli, "is at least in earnest; but he who refuses to receive that praise in public for which he has devoted so much labor in his privacy, is not; for he is compelled to suppress the very instinct of his nature." I must record, therefore, that I was praised by both my fellow-workmen—By-the-day and By-the-job. They agreed it was a neat piece of work. And (to unbutton a little more toward where it touched me) it is very delightful, after one's biography is written, (and the Rev. Dr. Cheever wrote mine twenty years ago,) to discover that one has a talent that has been entirely overlooked—a superiority that, in the hurry of life, has lain dormant and unsuspected. My next biographer will please mention, that, with proper advantages, I should probably have been a first-rate layer of stone wall.

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And—talking of working men—I was amused a few days since, with a contrast as to *treatment of obstacles*, between two who were working for the same wages—worth describing, because it illustrates with some truth the difference between the common American mind and the common European. We were preparing to throw our bridge across Idlewild brook. A quiet, little narrow shouldered American, with my horse hitched to a drag, was drawing stone for the road-way beyond, and a broad-shouldered fellow from the old country was digging earth to fill in. As I stood looking on for a moment, I saw a thrifty little cedar, which had been partly uprooted; and, requesting the digger to set it upright, and shovel some dirt around it, I walked on. Returning a few minutes after, I saw my cedar erect enough, but its roots still exposed. "Why didn't you cover it with dirt?" I asked. "Sure, sir," said sturdy Great Britain, with a look of most honest regret that he had not been able to oblige me, "you told me to *shovel* it, and I had no shovel." He was working with a *spade*.

It was not ten minutes after this, that I saw my little Yankee dollar-a-day unhitching the horse from the drag. "What are you going to do?" I asked. "Why, there is no more stone to be got on this side," said he, "and that carpenter don't seem to be coming along to fix this bridge. I thought I'd step over and get What's-his-name's oxen and snake them timbers up, and then haul 'em across with a block and tackle, and timber over, and put on the planks. I could draw stone from the other side, then." Here was a quiet proposal to do what I looked forward to as quite a problem, even for a professional mechanic. I had bespoken a carpenter for the job, three weeks before. There stood the two abutments six feet high and twenty-five feet apart, and a stream swollen by a freshet and hardly fordable on horseback rushing between; and how those four immovable timbers thirty feet long, were to be got across, without machinery and scaffolding, to span this chasm of twenty-five feet, I was not engineer enough to see. It was among the "chores that a man with common gumption could do, easy enough," however, as my little friend said, and it was done the next morning, with block and tackle, rollers and levers—he going about it as naturally and handily as if he had been a bridge builder by profession. There being no higher price, for day-labor with his amount of "gumption" and day-labor such as *the other man's*, who could not conceive how a spade might be used for a shovel, shows how common a thing ingenuity is in our country, and how characteristic of a Yankee it is to know no obstacle. It was worth recording, I thought.—*Home Journal.*

SINGULAR GEOLOGICAL FACT.—At Modena, in Italy, within a circle of four miles around the city, whenever the earth is dug and the workmen arrive at a distance of sixty three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an augur five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the augur is removed, and upon its retraction the water bursts up with great violence, and quickly fills the well thus made—the supply of water being neither affected by rains or droughts. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, houses, paved streets and mason work. Below this again is a layer of earth, and at twenty-six feet walnut trees are found entire, with leaves and walnuts upon them. At twenty-eight feet soft chalk is found, and below this vegetables and trees.

Original Letters.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

NO. VI.

Naples, April 28th, 1853.

MY DEAR A——; Yesterday we made the ascent of Vesuvius *as far as* the Hermitage. This we were able to do in our vettura, with three horses, in about four hours. The Hermitage is the point where the road terminates, and where, if you wish to ascend to the crater, you take ponies for the remainder of the way to the foot of the cone, and guides for the great climb, which alone occupies an hour and a half.

For this, which is a horribly fatiguing expedition, and only worth undertaking during the time of an irruption, my late illness had utterly incapacitated me, and no other member of the party felt strong or adventurous enough for it; so we all contented ourselves with this drive to the Hermitage, which, though certainly neither an adventure nor an astounding exploit, was something memorable and impressive.

For a long distance up the mountain the land is cultivated, and wonderfully fertile in portions—nothing is so richly productive as the old lava—olives, vines, grasses, and great varieties of beautiful wild flowers grow upon it in the utmost luxuriance. It is a strange sight to see orchards, and vineyards, and rich, flowering clover growing on the edge of vast streams of newer lava—black, swollen torrents petrified in the very billows in which they rolled from the seething crater—deep, dark ravines, where burning rocks ploughed and plunged down their tremendous course. But as we higher ascended, still more dreary and awful grew the scene, fewer and smaller became those strips and spots of verdure and bloom, and there opened upon us wide, black, billowy wastes of lava—without one green or living thing—a sea of ashes and cinders, and sulphurous, half-molten rocks, terrific, horrible, unearthly—an extinguished hell.

On our way, as we sometimes walked, we had a good opportunity to observe the different varieties of lava. Most of it is crumbly and porous, looking like cinders from a furnace, thoroughly burnt out. Then there is the rock lava, which I believe is very old, nearly as hard as granite. Pompeii is paved with this kind—so that the doomed city was floored and roofed by Vesuvius. The fine, soft lava, from which ornaments are made, is taken from the exhausted crater.

Sea-shells are often found embedded in lava, and the receding of the sea, in time of irruptions, is said to be caused by the mountain sucking up the water, as one of the elements with which he works in his infernal laboratory. At the Hermitage we remained about an hour, tasting, as in duty bound, some of the Hermit's *Lacryma Christi*, a sort of Vesuvian "Mountain Dew," if not the real "crater," at least very near it.

The view from this point, though perhaps inferior to that from the foot of the cone, is wide, varied, and wonderfully beautiful. But from all the beauty of that glorious sea, those purple islands and rocky points, and the sunny and storied shore, I ever turned to gaze on that fell demon of a mountain, looking so sullenly unrepentant for the destruction he has wrought in the ages gone by—lifting his black, scathed head defiantly toward heaven, and panting upward the hot breath of his secret agony. There were times when thinking of the burning sea imprisoned beneath me, I scarcely dared to tread heavily, feeling that the firm earth under my feet was but a frail crust, a sort of floating bridge over a surging, fiery flood.

A little way above the Hermitage is an observatory, belonging to the King—quite a handsome building, with a pretty little flower garden,—yet a most unenviable office were that of custode, I should say. Think of Vesuvius in wild, winter nights, when the tempests are battling it—pouring floods into its hissing crater, whirling ashes around its desolate cone, thundering against it, and rolling rocks, and rattling the loose lava down its scarred old sides! An awfully fitting place it seems to me for fiends to riot, jousting with lightning lances, and careering on sulphurous gales.

To-day we have spent several hours in the Museum. It will be impossible for me to particularize a fifth part of those works of art and curious antique which impressed and interested me—but of a few I will briefly speak.

Of the sculptures, there is first, the magnificent group of the *Farnese Toro*—representing the story of Dirce; a work of Greek art, whose spirit and power actually chain you before it. Then there is the grand old Hercules Farnese, also pure Greek — a figure whose rugged strength in proud repose, whose splendid colossal manhood, charm me more than the beauty and grace of an Antinous. In it you see what is called "brute force" made divine. I believe that the loveliest fragment in the world is the Neapolitan Psyche—but you are almost as much pained at its great losses, as charmed by what remains. The Venus *Anadyomene* from Pompeii, a Greek statue, with some restorations, struck me as rarely beautiful; and the statue of Aristides, found in the theatre of Herculaneum, is full of majestic strength, nobility, and profound thought.

Among the bronzes discovered at Pompeii and Herculaneum, are many statues of surpassing grace, force, and natural action. But it is not these great works of art which stood in temples, theatres, and other public places, which most vividly bring before you the time, the people, and the every day life of those long buried cities, but those familiar household and personal objects which are kept apart from these, and very closely guarded. In a case by itself we saw a complete set of gold ornaments belonging to the wife of Diomed—or at least, found on a body supposed to be hers. Afterwards we were shown the purse of money and the key found in the skeleton hand of Diomed, near the gate of his villa. Among the ornaments there are many of a strangely modern appearance—especially the hoop, and serpent-bracelets, and the circular brooches, or *fibulae*. The ear-rings are generally heavier than any modern dame could well support, and the finger rings are enormous. The wedding-ring of Madame Diomed has graven upon it a representation of the marriage ceremony. Then there are necklaces, and hair-pins, and various head-ornaments, and armlets and anklets, and beautiful little jeweled boxes for the toilette. On the inside of a chased gold bracelet—very like the one I wear to-day, you can distinctly read the name of the fair owner—"*Cornelia*." Oh, who *was* Cornelia?

In the same room, we were shown graceful little bronze vases, and silver plate, and jars of figs, and corn, and nuts, and eggs, which looked almost fresh, and bread unbroken, bearing the baker's mark—pots of paints, the colors apparently as brilliant as ever—fishing nets, fragments of clothing, lamp-wicks, wine-cups, leaven, cakes, and a piece of beef in a sauce pan. Most of these things were of course hardened and discolored, yet not so much so but that you could readily distinguish them.

In another *cella*, we saw the suit of armor of the sentinel found at his post—the skull, half filled with ashes, yet grins from the rusty helmet. Here we saw many cooking and farming utensils, and articles of household furniture—the first often neat and ingenious—the last exceedingly graceful and elegant. Then there are surgical and musical instruments, tickets for the theatre, dice, articles for the toilette and the bath—ink-stands, tablets, styles and seals. The little metallic mirrors are all dim and blank, as though blackened by the breath of that awful destruction, and blinded by the night of ages which followed—or as though faithful to the patrician beauty they once reflected, and sullenly refusing to give back our strange barbarian faces.

This afternoon we have taken a drive to Virgil's tomb, at the entrance of the Grotto of Pausilippo. That great poet entailed, perhaps unconsciously, a great inconvenience upon posterity, by building his columbarium, or family tomb, in a spot so difficult of access. If you would make a pilgrimage to the place, prepare yourself for a long, dusty, disagreeable climb, through a small vineyard and an immense vegetable garden. The tomb itself, which is an ivy-grown vault with two openings, would look venerable and virgilian enough except for a very modern tomb stone, erected by some German school-master. The niches have been robbed of all their urns, ashes and bones—if they ever held any.

The Grotto of Pausilippo is an ancient tunnel, more than a quarter of a mile in length, narrow, badly lighted, dirty and dismal. In passing through it, you are almost sure to encounter a drove of donkeys, a flock of sheep, or what is infinitely worse, a herd of goats—ugh! the horrid hole! Yet it sounds poetical—*The Grotto of Pausilippo.*

April 29th.—To-day we have made the Cumean excursion, and have had a heavenly time, passing first through purgatory in the shape of the Grotto of Pausilippo. We first stopped at Pozzuoli, an old, old town, where St. Paul landed, and where he founded a church. Here we saw the remains of the Temple of Jupiter Serapis, which it is still evident, was a structure of great magnificence. After leaving Pozzuoli, we saw at the left, *Monte Barbaro*, an extinct volcano, and at the right, *Monte Nuovo*, which was thrown up in a single night by an irruption in 1538. Then after passing the dark and evil looking lake of Avernus, we came to the *Arcofelice*, the once beautiful and still majestic entrance to ancient Cumae. Of the city itself nothing remains but a few ruined and rifled tombs, and here and there a mound, heaped up of ruins, and overgrown with luxuriant vegetation. On a hill which overlooks the whole valley, so lonely and silent now, but once so thronged with the gay and noisy life of a city, supreme in splendor and pleasure—there are yet a few broken pillars, half buried in the earth, marking the spot where stood the great temple of Apollo.

A curious place is the palace of the Sybil—some chambers hewn out of the rock, on a pleasant, breezy hill. Here she had also a temple, but the whole establishment is now turned into a stable; so that, should the shade of some ancient King or hero return here to consult the oracles, he might receive a response more suited to the folly of his quest than those of old—the bleat of a calf, or the bray of an ass.

At Baia, once so renowned for its opulence and luxury—the favorite haunt of princely *roués* and imperial voluptuaries, we saw some majestic masses of ruin. The principal and finest of these is the Temple of Venus, on the shore of the sea; the next in importance is the Temple of Mercury, a circular building, with a dome much like that of the Pantheon at Rome. In this we had great amusement with a singular echo. It was unlike all the echoes I had ever heard, being neither goblin-like nor demon-like, but seemed a well-bred, agreeable, sociable sound-spirit, answering only to quiet, conversational tones. It would chat along after you, repeating instantly and with the utmost distinctness, your lowest words, even whispers; but if you spoke in too high a key, or screamed, it was quite dumb. It seemed to take a particular fancy to Mrs. H——'s voice, and gave it back to the slightest intonation, with a precision really wonderful. So instantaneous appeared the echo, that it was sometimes difficult to tell which spoke first, she or the wall. When two or three were talking, the reiteration became a little bewildering. Oh! thought I, what a glorious place were this for a tea-party of ancient gossips—who, talk as fast as they may, and all together, can never have confusion enough.

At Lake Fusaro we rested, and treated ourselves to a few of the fine oysters for which it is famous. This piece of water, which, though lying rather low and lonely, is a quiet, pleasant little lake enough, is the ancient Acheron, or Styx. I thought, as I sat discussing the oysters, and looking out along the green, sunny shore, that those poor bankrupt shades who, presenting themselves to old Charon without the obolus to pay their ferriage, were doomed to wander here forever, were not so badly off after all. Far more agreeable is the whole vicinity of Acheron, than the Elysian Fields, which, whatever they were in the time of Virgil, are anything but Paradisical now. On a beautiful hill, are the remains of the *villa* of Julius Caesar, afterwards of Augustus. Here Virgil read the sixth book of the Æneid to Octavia—here Nero planned and caused to be executed the murder of his mother, Agrippina. The next place we visited, was called, with what authority I know not, the Baths of Nero. It is a place much resorted to by the peasants when afflicted with rheumatism. It consists of small chambers and passages, cut in the rock by the side of a hill, and filled with hot air and vapor from boiling mineral waters. Immediately on our arrival, the man in charge of the establishment prepared to do the honors by lighting a torch, stripping himself to the waist, and taking a small bucket containing half-a-dozen eggs, which he was to boil for our edification in Nature's own pot. We followed him for some distance into those close, narrow passages, but finding the heat something quite awful, beat a retreat. The man came out in two or three minutes, panting and puffing, with the perspiration actually pouring from him, and triumphantly presented the eggs, which he declared were done hard. But I am sorry to say that I had afterwards rather disagreeable evidence to the contrary. I rashly entrusted mine to my pocket, and a pretty mess it made of every thing there.

But the most amusing incident of the day was our visit to the grotto of the Sybil, on Lake Avernus. This is the place to which, according to Virgil, Æneas came to consult the oracles. It is a little, subterranean palace, apparently cut from the solid rock, and only to be seen by torch-light. We entered by a long, vaulted passage, partly filled by volcanic ashes—a black, stifling, dismal place. This ends in a small chamber, from which descends a flight of steps to the private apartment or grotto of the Sybil. Here a difficulty presents itself, in that portion of the distinguished ancient lady's residence being overflowed with water, to the depth of at least two feet, the only way of entering is on the backs of your guides—an extremely ridiculous proceeding, but one adopted by all resolute and thorough-going tourists. I, knowing "little Latin and less Greek," am so little of a classical antiquarian, that I must confess, the matter only presented itself to me in the light of a comical adventure, which I was unwilling to lose;—so when my friends, who had all solemnly agreed to enter with me, ingloriously drew back at the last moment, I selected the tallest and broadest of the bare-legged guides, and alone followed him down to the water. As he plunged in, I was a little startled to see that it rose a good way above his knees,—but I was in for it, and mounted without hesitation, crossing my arms on my guide's breast tightly, as for dear life, and pulling up my feet, according to his directions, in a most indescribable manner. Holding a great torch in one hand, and steadying me with the other, my sturdy sea horse plunged gallantly through the waters, bearing me quite safely from point to point, though I sometimes endangered my seat, and loosened my hold, by the convulsions of laughter in which I indulged. The actual comedy was not enough, I laughed yet more merrily at thinking that should my animal stumble and fall, tumbling me into the water, and extinguishing the torch as he went down, what a floundering, choking, and groping time we should have of it. Then I grew poetical, and compared myself to a mermaid taking an airing on a dolphin, and even flattered myself that the group bore some resemblance to the triumph of Galatea.

Throughout this little aquatic and equestrian tour, my burly bearer complimented me on my riding and my courage, and cheered me by shouting, "*Brava!*" "*Maccaroni!*" and a phrase slightly inappropriate it may be, but probably the only English he was master of—"*Pull away boys!*"

Well, what did I see?—two small chambers—two bathing tubs—a flight of stone steps, leading up to a closed door—a few broken stucco figures, very much begrimed with the smoke of torches,—black walls, blacker water, *et voila tout.* But this was not the account I gave to the eager questioning of my friends, after the guide had, against my commands and entreaties, run up the stairs with me yet on his back, and trotted round the chamber for their divertisement,—no, indeed, I looked mysterious; and in the usual manner of sight-seers, who have been taken in, assured them seriously, and commiseratingly, that they did not know what they had lost.

Everywhere on this excursion, we were beset and besieged with beggars—the entire population seems to consist of rascally, extortionate guides, and the most miserable mendicants. Really the old banditti race were better than this. Who would not rather have an honest robber or two present a pistol at his breast, once on a journey, than be eternally dogged by whining beggars, or to have insolent *ciceroni* forever grumbling and cursing about their fees. In coming to Italy, you must learn sooner or later to harden your heart and "set your face as a flint," for "the poor you have always with you," and if you give to one, you are charged upon by scores. In view of these disagreeable consequences, we have all learned to restrain our benevolence toward the most miserable objects—all but Mr. H——, whose feelings are often too much for him. He is particularly weak in resisting the appeals of suffering old people, pretty young girls and roguish children. For some time after coming to Naples, he actually showered small money about him, but lately the stern courier has stopped the supply, so, not speaking the language, he has great difficulty in getting change, as we all refuse to negotiate with him, though offered an enormous profit in the way of interest and premiums. When his pockets are well charged with coppers, I really believe he enjoys being beset with beggars.

He thoroughly understands an Italian phrase—"*Datemi qualche cosa!*" (Give me something.) It is amusing to see him surrounded by teasing boys and merry girls, all stretching out their palms, and rapping their chins, and crying, "*Qualche cosa eccellenza!*"—laughing at his English-Italian, and most of all, at his attempts to frown and scold. They sometimes pick his pockets of gloves and handkerchief, and he takes his losses so kindly that I am tempted to believe him privy to the theft,—indeed, I should not wonder if he yet went about with his coat-pocket stuffed with bright-colored handkerchiefs, especially suited to the taste of the gay Neapolitan damsels.

I once escaped from a crowd in which he was engaged, to a place I believed secure and solitary, where I sat down for a moment's rest, when suddenly, from a wall behind me, a little, old woman leaped directly on to my back, shrieking—"*Qualche cosa, Signora, per l'amore di Dio!*" I fear I gave but an unamiable and irreverent response to so solemn an appeal, for I passed from my fright into such a rage, that she was fain to take herself off with the best speed she was mistress of—invoking all the saints as she went.

But you see, my sheet is full—so adieu.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

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ADDITION TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

OUR NOVELETS.

We shall forward the back numbers of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet,

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL,

to new subscribers, until further notice.

For the benefit of strangers who may chance to see the present number of the Post, we may state that, at the conclusion of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet, we expect to publish a story called

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT HANNAH'S QUILT,

by Mrs. Frances D. Gage, well known to Western readers as the author of certain interesting household sketches, poems, &c. And follow that by another novelet from Mrs. Southworth, to be called

THE LOST HEIRESS; A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

In addition to the above attractions, we are now publishing a series of

LETTERS FROM EUROPE,

by GRACE GREENWOOD. The series will include "letters from Rome, Naples, Florence, Switzerland, France and England."

Of course, the usual Miscellany of the paper, in the shape of selected stories, sketches and essays from the English magazines, general and political news, &c., shall not be neglected.

CATHOLIC RIOTS IN CANADA.—Father Gavazzi, the eloquent Italian convert from Catholicism, while lecturing in a church at Quebec, was assailed by a mob of Roman Catholics, "of the baser sort." Stones were freely used, Bibles and Prayer-books flung at the lecturer, and finally a rush was made to throw him out of the pulpit. Gavazzi defended himself with a chair resolutely for a while, but his assailants succeeded at last in throwing him from the pulpit upon the heads of the mingled throng of friends and enemies below. He escaped to the basement, however, with a few slight injuries; his Secretary, not so fortunate, was badly beaten. Other gentlemen, some of them in the highest position in society, were very severely hurt. A detachment of soldiers finally subdued the mob, and the audience—among whom were many ladies—retired to their homes.

At Montreal, a still more serious riot took place, of the same character. The troops, however, protected the church, firing upon the rioters. Seven persons are said to have been killed, six mortally wounded, and a number injured more or less seriously. The military are accused of firing without due necessity—but this charge always is made upon such occasions. It was made at the Macready riot in New York, and at the Native American riot in this city. But the military are not called out to bear every conceivable kind of insult, to have dirt flung in their faces, to be dared to fire, and to have insolent hands laid upon their weapons. People should know this, and when the soldiery appear, make themselves among the "missing," if they would not be classed among the "killed and wounded."

Relative to these riots there can be only one opinion among Americans worthy of the name. The right of free discussion must be maintained, for all parties and all sects, at whatever cost. Roman Catholic lecturers are allowed to stand up in every city in America, and say what they will of Protestantism, no one giving them insult or injury—and it is right. But Protestants must be allowed to exercise the same liberty of speech as to Catholicism—and they will do it. We care not how intemperate were Father Gavazzi's expressions—those whose patience will not enable them to endure such language, need not attend his lectures. They are not compelled to go; but, if they do go, must respect his right of free speech.

What can Catholic say of Protestant, or Protestant of Catholic, more galling than what the Whigs and Democrats often say of each other? But if a Whig goes to a Democratic meeting, he expects to hear his party abused; and so with a Democrat who attends a Whig gathering. Free speech and a free press are as important to the life of Liberty, as the free air—often blowing as it does in the tempest and the whirlwind—is to our bodily existence. And he who wars against them, is one of the greatest enemies of Freedom.

We are pleased to see that a large meeting of the citizens of Montreal has been held, and Gavazzi requested to complete his course of lectures.

THE MORMONS.—There is little doubt but that the General Government will have to interfere, sooner or later, in the Territory of Utah. Governor Brigham Young is evidently unfit for the office, being a coarse and brutal character—as any one will admit who reads the late advices from Utah in our General News, including a speech of the Governor's relative to the proper mode of dealing with apostates. As soon as any considerable number of these apostates, or of those who have never been members of the Mormon sect, have taken up their abode in the Territory, a Governor who is not a Mormon will have to be appointed. We are not desirous of abridging the Mormons in the enjoyment of their just rights; but they must be taught, if need be, that "apostates" from their sect have just as good a right to live in peace in Utah Territory, or anywhere else on United States' soil, as themselves.

OFF WITH THE LIVERIES.—We are pleased to record that the Department of State has instructed our diplomatic agents abroad, to appear at foreign courts, as far as practicable, in the simple dress of an American citizen. The example of Franklin is recommended to their imitation. These instructions do honor to the Administration of Gen. Pierce. It is a reform for which we have long contended.

ARTHUR SPRING.—This miserable man was executed, according to his sentence, on Friday of last week. His son had been admitted to an interview with him a day or two previous. Both parties were much affected; the prisoner received young Arthur very affectionately, and, after repeated importunities from him, signed a paper fully exonerating his son from any share in the murder of the two women. He, however, refused to the last to acknowledge that his own sentence was a just one—implying his own innocence by saying, that his son was as innocent as he was himself.

A most morbid and disgraceful curiosity was displayed on the part of a great number of our citizens to witness the execution. The Grand Jury contended for their admission to the prison at that hour, as one of their *rights*—and brought the matter before the Court. One thousand persons are stated to have been admitted inside the prison walls by the Sheriff—in violation, as we apprehend, of the spirit of the law relative to this subject. For the object of the law was to substitute *private* for *public* executions—and *privacy* does not comport with the presence of a thousand spectators. The Sheriff would better fulfill his duty upon such occasions, by repulsing the morbid curiosity of even "influential gentlemen;" and confining the number present to the jury, the necessary attendants, the clergyman, the relatives of the prisoner (if such wish to be present,) &c.

We must also reprehend the parading in the daily papers for some time past, of every little incident connected with the murderer—the conversation between his *two* clergymen and himself, his ideas of religion, his lying stories as to the murder, &c. The effect of making a distinguished character of such a wretch is pernicious in the extreme. The reiterated attempts of the clergymen to obtain a confession, also were ill-judged. It was the very way not to obtain one. For the prisoner, seeing their anxiety, would naturally conclude that society did not feel certain as to his guilt—and in this uncertainty he would know, lay the only possible hope of a reprieve or pardon. Besides, seeing that all eyes were attracted to him—that he was made the great lion of the day—the resolution to keep up his courage, and, to use his own language, "tread the scaffold like a Prince, and die like an Irishman," was confirmed. A pretty state of things, truly, when a murderer of helpless women like Spring, must have two clergymen dangling at his heels constantly, to record all his sayings and doings, and waste enough energy to have converted some hundreds of Five Points' heathen, in a fruitless endeavor to save what probably was no longer in his possession, his soul.

After the execution, an examination of the brain and body was made by Prof. McClintock, at the Philadelphia College of Medicine. We extract the following from the report of the examination, as we find it in the "North American:"

The man's face presented a mild and placid appearance, and in no way indicated death from strangulation, there being no lividity of countenance, distortion of features, turgescence of eyes and protrusion of balls, usual under such circumstances. An analysis of his countenance showed him to be a man of indomitable will, having large mouth, heavy lips and broad chin. His head, phrenologically examined, corroborated the opinions formed concerning his character. It was much larger than the medium, measuring over 22 inches in circumference. The anterior region was not extraordinarily developed, save at the lower part—yet still it was sufficient to indicate the possession of considerable intellectual capacity. The perceptive faculties were not very well developed, while the reflective powers were rather deficient. Passing backward, he was found wanting in moral qualities. The region allotted to selfishness was broad, and cautiousness and secretiveness large—firmness so extremely developed as to merge into stubbornness and boorishness. The posterior organs of the head, embracing the animal organs, those of amativeness, &c., were monstrous, giving to the whole head a bull-dog appearance.

The doctor asserted that death resulted from sudden suffocation, occasioned by the instantaneous cutting off of all communication between the cavity of the lungs and external air, by the rupture of the windpipe and the severing and constriction of the important nerves of respiration, thus destroying the power of innervation. The neck was not broken, as stated. The doctor remarked that he had in that institution the carcasses of several men who had been hanged, and that in none, contrary to the usual idea, was there fracture of the neck.

We further extract the following—the *good taste* of which will be apparent to every one:

The remarks of the Professor were *most eloquent*, and the effect produced on the *classical* part of the audience was *profound and lasting*. The lecture was, in every way, instructive, and combined a great amount of practical and medico-legal information. *The lecturer was most pleasantly facetious.* The opportunity afforded was a *rare one*, and the doctor *improved it for the benefit of his students.* The whole examination was most skillfully and scientifically conducted.

The lecturer was "most pleasantly facetious." A joyful set these Professors and students—plying their knives, cracking jokes, and making merry over the corpse only a short time before quick and glowing with life. How ennobling and purifying this practice of cutting-up dead men and women is! How it refines the sensibilities, and softens the heart!

THE MESILLA VALLEY DIFFICULTY.—The "Union" appears to have been mistaken in its statement that the United States *Surveyor* had not signed the boundary agreement. The New York Express says:

"Major Emory's Report, just published, shows that *he, as the Surveyor succeeding Mr. Grey, signed the agreement which was entered into between Mr. Bartlett and General Conde, fixing the boundary line.* Thus no form was wanting to complete the establishment of the boundary line. Mr. Grey, the first Surveyor, had refused to sign the Report, and protested against it. A full statement of the case was made to the late Administration, and therefore, Mr. Grey was directed to sign the Report. He did not do this because his recall reached him before this order. His successor, Maj. Emory, signed the Report, and he shows distinctly that between the Bartlett line and the Grey line there is little to choose. So, the whole dispute involves no question of importance—it involves no valuable territory."

If this *is* the true state of the case, we consider that the Mexican authorities had a perfect right to take possession of the territory. We certainly would have done so, had the Mexican Commissioner and Surveyor decided that the valley in question was located on our side of the line; and we should not blame Mexico for doing that which, under similar circumstances, we would conceive it perfectly right to do ourselves. Come, gentlemen, Mexico is weak, but that is only a stronger reason why we should show her fair play.

TEMPERANCE IN WASHINGTON.—Some time ago we said that there should be a Maine Law in Washington, if in no other city in the Union; it is the duty of men engaged in transacting important business, to remain sober while they are transacting such business, if they are temperate at no other period. The citizens of Washington seem to agree with us, for they have given a two-thirds vote (1,965 to 991) against the licensing of liquor selling. The precise question at issue was this: "Shall the City of Washington ask Congress to clothe its Municipal Authorities with power to prohibit the sale of Intoxicating Liquors?" We believe there have not been many Temperance Lectures delivered in Washington, but there have been hundreds of "frightful examples."

THE EASTERN QUESTION.—The clouds seem to be gathering in the East. The Russian Minister had left Constantinople, and a Russian army of 100,000 men was concentrating upon the Turkish frontier. On the other side, the French and Turkish fleets were at hand, and orders had been dispatched to all parts of Turkey, to call out the whole strength of the empire. The British Ministers had refused, in Parliament, to state what orders had been sent to the British fleet, which was still at Malta. If Great Britain and France have resolved to support Turkey, it seems hardly probable that the Czar will risk a war—unless he thinks the hour is come to throw down the gauntlet to all Eastern Europe.

THE CHESNUT HILL RAILROAD.—This road is said to be "finished" for several miles—but it has been left, we are informed, in a very dangerous condition. The embankments, in many places, are, strictly speaking, just wide enough to allow of the track being laid upon them, and there is no room for a person to step aside if the cars were coming towards him. In fact, to run the cars in the present state of the road, would be highly dangerous. It certainly is not the intention of the Company to leave it in this condition?

DEATH OF GEN. RILEY.—General Bennett Riley died recently at Buffalo. He commanded the Second Brigade of Twigg's Division in the Valley of Mexico; and for his gallantry at Cerro Gordo, April 18th, 1847, was made Brigadier-General. He received his title of Brevet Major-General in the Army, in March, 1851, as the reward of gallant conduct during the action at Contreras, on the 20th August, 1847. He was a native of Maryland, and was 66 years of age when he died.

THE CHARTER.—The New York Reformers carried their new City Charter by an overwhelming majority. Probably they will rest satisfied with their victory, and things soon relapse under the new order of things, into the slime and foulness of the old. We hope not, however.

CHINA.—Nankin, it is again reported, has been taken by the revolutionists. There was a statement that the British, American and French Consuls had ordered armed vessels belonging to their respective nations to interfere for the protection of Nankin and Shanghai; but we trust this is not the case. Let the Chinese fight out their own quarrels. We know not what the Revolutionists are, but we know they cannot well be more stupid, anti-progressive and conceited than the present government. Besides, so far as Mr. Marshall, the American Consul, is concerned, what right has he to take the responsibility of violating our settled maxim of non-interference with the internal quarrels of other nations? If he has interfered, we trust he will be reproved as soon as possible. To protect the property of American residents is one thing, and to meddle in the quarrels of the "celestials" is another. For our part, we are inclined to look with pleasure upon any revolutionary movement in China, even if its object were but to shave off that national emblem, the pig-tail. We are not certain but that it is by the pig-tail, the nation is held back.

THE MEXICANS.—Late advices from Mexico state that a band of 60 robbers had entered the town of Lagos, and *after* liberating the prisoners, (in the jail, probably,) 290 in number, carried away property to the value of over $30,000. The town is said to contain some 8,000 inhabitants, who made no resistance. Just imagine 60 robbers entering an American town containing at least 1,600 able-bodied men; do you think they would be allowed to play the mischief generally? We think the mischief would be played with them generally—and that the prisoners in the jail the next day would number something over two hundred.

THE SAILORS.—Some of the papers, opposed to the abolition of flogging in the navy, frequently attempted to make out that the sailors were almost weeping themselves away, at the idea that they were to be deprived of the beneficial effects of the lash by the Government; but the following tells a rather different story:

A handsome medal is to be presented to the Hon. John P. Hale, by the crew of the U. S. sloop-of-war Germantown, for his efforts to secure the abolition of flogging in the Navy. It weighs forty-four pennyweights, and is valued at over $100.

THE MEMPHIS CONVENTION.—About one thousand delegates were present. Resolutions were passed in favor of a Railroad to the Pacific, by the Southern route; in favor of the speedy improvement of the navigation of the Mississippi, and of the harbors of Charleston, Savannah, Mobile and Richmond; in favor of a general and liberal education system in the Southern and Western States; in favor of direct trade between Southern ports and Europe, &c. The Convention was addressed by Ex-Governor Bell, and other eminent gentlemen.

THE HOLY SHRINES.—All that squabbling about the Holy Places, between France and Russia, is said to dwindle down, when examined, to the privilege of *lighting the candles on the sepulchre* in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. For this privilege the Greek and Latin Churches are almost, if not quite, ready to slaughter each other. Whether this is a progress from the time when the Church was ready to persecute to the death for a single letter of the alphabet, we are not quite certain.

BETTER THAN A MONUMENT.—Upwards of £80,000 have been subscribed towards a memorial to the late Duke of Wellington. The amount will be applied to the erection of a national monument in the shape of a school or college bearing his name, for the gratuitous, or nearly gratuitous, education of orphan children of officers in the army. This is better than building up useless monuments—a mode of commemorating great virtue about worthy of the half-civilized builders of the Pyramids.

TO INQUIRING MINDS.—No, no, friends, we did *not* mean to say or imply that clover seed was breadstuff—nor is the paragraph fairly susceptible of such a construction. But then you know it is the old difficulty that we editors labor under—we can supply people with ideas, but we cannot endow them with a clear understanding; we can furnish the horse with pure water, but we cannot prevent him from sputtering over it.

THE SONORA EXPEDITION.—It is said to be fully believed in Sonora and Chihuahua that an expedition of from 1,000 to 1,500 men, under Colonel Raousset is being organized against them. The Governor of Sinaloa has written to Santa Anna for military aid, and two English men-of-war are reported to be stationed "in the vicinity of La Paz," prepared to interfere if their services are needed.

AN UNUSUAL CRIME.—People often say of bad men, that they are wicked enough to rob their grandmothers; but such cases, we believe, do not often happen. We notice, however, that a medical gentleman in Massachusetts, recently has been convicted of stealing notes from his grandmother, and sentenced to the penitentiary for four years.

SWITZERLAND.—A war is menaced against Switzerland by Austria. The Swiss Federal Council has instructed the Cantons to raise their military contingents, and be prepared to take the field at the first call.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—Since our last, the Prometheus has arrived at New York with half a million, and the El Dorado with $700,000. The news is unimportant.

☞ It is supposed that the President will strike the name of Lieut. Sykes, of woman-whipping notoriety, from the army list. We hope he will.

Clippings.

☞ Custom will have the same effect, with respect to death, as to other frightful things; it will take off its terror.

☞ He that hath a God, a good heart, and a good wife to converse with, and yet complains that he wants society, would not have been easy and contented in Paradise, for Adam himself had no more. But every married man is not possessed of all these blessings.

☞ A butcher's boy, carrying a tray on his shoulders, accidentally struck it against a lady's head. "The deuce take the tray," said the lady. "Madam," said the boy, gravely, "the deuce can't take the tray."

☞ We hear every second person we talk with, condemn the respect which is generally shown to wealth; while we never meet any one who is entirely free from the failing he condemns. We have yet to make the acquaintance of the gentleman, who would not sooner take within his own, an arm covered with lace and satin, than one peeping from the folds of a rag carpet. Poverty may look very well at a distance, but when we come too close to it, its appearance is not quite so charming.

☞ "It isn't the size of the present that gives it its value," as the gentleman said, when his wife gave him four boys at a birth!

☞ If any signal infelicity happens to fall upon you, the only way is, not to sit still, but to resolve upon action.

☞ The Pope's Nuncio at Paris, has recently presented the Empress a candle, blessed by his Holiness especially for her Majesty's use.

☞ "Had some of our gallants been with the Israelites in the wilderness, when, for forty years, their clothes waxed not old, they would have been vexed, though their clothes were whole, to have been so long in fashion."—*Fuller.*

☞ A CALCULATING LOVER.—A young man in an adjoining town, says a Chicago paper, was mightily smitten with the beauty of a young lady whose father had a suit at law, which must forever make or break him, and "popped the question." She answered in the affirmative, and was expressing the desire for immediate marriage, when he thus interrupted her, "I can have the refusal of you for six months, can't I?"

☞ When men are fit, truly remarks the New York Dutchman, for nothing else, they commonly look to the interests of their country. Out of every hundred office holders in the country, you will not find over three per cent. who could make a living, even if they owned the fee simple of a gold mine. Men will doubt their fitness to open a broker's shop, peddle clams, or act as switch tender to a railroad; but who ever saw the individual who distrusted his ability to take charge of a Custom-House, or fill a foreign Embassy?

☞ The proverb says, a bird is known by his note, a man by his word. As some men are called "birds," we suppose they are known by their *notes*.

☞ DEPLORABLE CASE OF JEWISH DISABILITY.—One of the most striking instances of Jewish Disabilities that we have heard of, is that of an Israelite residing in Houndsditch. He is called Moses Levi Benjamin, and actually cannot say which of the three is his *Christian name!*—*Diogenes.*

☞ THE BEST "CONCILIATION HALL" FOR IRELAND—The Hall of Dublin Exhibition.—*Diogenes.*

☞ A merchant who lately advertised for a clerk who could bear *confinement*, was answered by one who had lain seven years in jail!

Our Correspondents.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Having on a former occasion given you a brief outline of a lecture, in which I endeavored to show that each one of the hundred millions of fixed stars, which the telescope has revealed to us, is the centre of a system of worlds, in all probability similar to the one of which the sun is the centre, I propose, in the present communication, to give you a brief outline of a lecture on the Solar System. For if each star is the centre of a system similar to the solar system, in making ourselves acquainted with it we make ourselves, to some extent, acquainted with all the other systems in the universe. As the general details of the planetary system are pretty generally known, I will pass over them briefly, and dwell more upon certain recent discoveries which have been made.

The sun is by far the largest body in the system, being more than a million times larger than the earth, and is the great centre of attraction, and the source of heat and light to the surrounding bodies. Around it revolve the earth and the planets, in almost circular orbits, and nearly in the same plane. The planet Mercury is nearest to the sun, and revolves around it at the distance of 37,000,000 miles, and in a period of about 88 days. Next is the planet Venus, which is about one-tenth less than the earth, and revolves around the sun at the distance of 69,000,000 miles, and in a period of about 224 days. Next is the earth, which is 7,912 miles in diameter, and revolves around the sun in one year at the distance of 95,000,000 miles. It is attended by a moon, or a satellite, which revolves around it at the distance of 237,000 miles, as the planets do around the sun. Next comes Mars, which is much smaller than the earth, and revolves around the sun in a period somewhat less than two years, and at a distance of 144,000,000 miles. The next planet of importance is Jupiter. It is the largest of the planets, being more than 1,400 times larger than the earth, and performs a revolution around the sun in a somewhat less time than 12 of our years, and at the distance of nearly 500,000,000 of miles. It is attended by four moons, revolving around it at different distances, and in different periodic times of revolution. It is distinguished from the other planets by being surrounded by belts. The next in order is Saturn, which is nearly 800 times larger than the earth, and revolves around the sun at the distance of about 900,000,000 of miles, and in a period of nearly 30 years. It has seven moons, and is surrounded by two rings. The next in the system is Uranus, which is about 80 times larger than the earth, and performs a revolution around the sun at the immense distance of about 1,800,000,000 of miles, and in a period of nearly 84 years. Besides these, there are between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, a number of comparatively small bodies, called asteroids, visible only by means of a telescope, and revolving around the sun at nearly the same distance, and in nearly the same periodic time. Until recently there were only four of these bodies known, but within the last six years, the diligence and perseverance of Astronomers have been rewarded with the discovery of no less than 19 others, so that the whole number is now 23. As these are all small bodies, and revolve at nearly the same distance from the sun, it has been thought by some Astronomers, that they once belonged to the same body, and that, having been, at some time, rent asunder by means of some internal convulsion, the fragments now revolve in separate orbits, and are but the "wrecks of a shattered world." An additional circumstance which tends to corroborate this idea is, that the orbits cross each other at nearly the same point in the heavens, which would be a necessary consequence, if, at any former time, they proceeded from the same point, except that after a long period of time, they would vary a little, in consequence of the perturbations of the other planets.

Besides the discovery of 19 asteroids, there has also been a new planet recently discovered, which, from the manner in which it was discovered, must be considered the most important astronomical discovery of modern times. The existence of the planet was predicted, its path in the heavens assigned, and its mass calculated, from the effects which it produced by its attraction upon the motions of Uranus. Astronomers had always been perplexed to reconcile, with any degree of precision, the observed motions of Uranus to the known laws of gravitation, and for several years it had been evident that its motions must be disturbed by the attraction of some unknown body. Mr. Adams, of Cambridge University, England, and M. Le Verrier, of Paris, both about the same time undertook the difficult problem of determining, from its perturbative effects upon Uranus, the position of the disturbing body; and both arrived at nearly the same results, independently of each other. When Le Verrier had finished his computations, he communicated the result to the Academy of Sciences, and, at the same time, wrote to Dr. Galle, of Berlin, requesting him to look for it with his large telescope, and directing him where to find it. On the 23rd of Sept., 1846, Dr. Galle directed his telescope to the place designated, and immediately discovered the new planet Neptune within one degree of the place designated. Thus has resulted, from purely theoretical considerations, one of the most important discoveries of modern times, and one which, from the manner in which it has been made, ought to convince us of the knowledge and skill of Astronomers, and of the truth of the principles of Astronomy.

It has been discovered, by means of the spots on their surface, that the planets, like the earth, turn upon their axes, and that these axes, like that of the earth, are inclined to the planes of their orbits, and consequently, like the earth, they have a change of seasons, and the vicissitudes of day and night.

Having given a brief description of the planetary system, and of the recent discoveries which have been made, I now come to the laws by which the system is governed, called the three laws of Kepler, because discovered by him. The first of these is, that the earth and planets revolve in elliptical orbits, and that the sun is in one of the foci of these ellipses. These ellipses, however, differ very little from circles. His second law is that their motions in their orbits is so regulated that their radii vectores sweep over equal areas in equal times; and consequently when a planet is near its perihelion, or point of its orbit nearest the sun, it moves faster than it does when near its aphelion, or the opposite part of its orbit. The earth, for instance, about the 1st of January, is about 3,000,000 of miles nearer the sun than on the first of July, and consequently it has to move faster in its orbit at the former time than at the latter, in order that the areas described by the radii may be equal. The third law of Kepler is, that the squares of the periodic times of different planets are to each other as the cubes of their distances. Hence, as we have seen, the further a planet is from the sun, the greater is the periodic time of revolution; as for instance, the planet Uranus, which is about 19 times further from the sun than the earth is, requires nearly 84 years for one revolution, and the newly discovered planet Neptune, which is about 30 times as far, requires about 160 years. These were important laws, but Newton afterward discovered the still more important law of universal gravitation, which is, that every body in the universe attracts every other body directly as its mass, and inversely as the squares of their distances; and showed that the laws of Kepler resulted as a necessary consequence from this more general law. In accordance with this law, the earth and planets are attracted by the sun, and while their centrifugal force has a tendency to carry them off from the sun, its attraction is continually exerted to keep them in their orbits. The same laws govern the revolution of the satellites around their primaries, and they form a miniature system exactly similar to that of the primaries revolving around the sun.

Since the planets, as we have seen, are, some of them, many times larger than the earth, and are, in other respects, similar bodies to the earth, being similarly situated with regard to the sun, and having a change of seasons, and the succession of day and night, and are, some of them attended by several moons, we have reason to think that, like the earth, they are inhabited. For it would be unreasonable to suppose that the earth alone, which is an inferior body in the system, is inhabited, while other bodies, many times larger, serve no useful purpose, or have been added merely to give a few rays of light to the earth. Again, if every portion of matter on the earth,—the land, the ocean, the atmosphere,—teems with animal life, we cannot reasonably think that other larger worlds are suffered to remain a desert waste. We have, however, no reason to think that they are inhabited by human beings, for we are informed by Geology that the earth has changed all its inhabitants several times since it was first inhabited, and that man is of very recent origin; therefore if man, like other orders of animals, is only destined to occupy the earth for awhile, and then give way to others, we have no reason to think that he is likewise an inhabitant of the planets.

W FERREL.

Neotrephian Academy, Ky.

New Publications.

DISCOVERIES AMONG THE RUINS OF NINEVEH AND BABYLON; With Travels in Armenia, Kurdistan and the Desert: Being the result of a Second Expedition Undertaken for the Trustees of the British Museum. By Austen H. Layard, M. P., author of "Nineveh and its Remains." *Abridged from the Larger Work.* A very interesting volume—both for the Discoveries and the Incidents of Travel. Published by G. P. Putnam & Co., New York; and for sale by J. W. Moore, Phila.

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART. We are indebted for the June number to J. W. Moore, Phila.

AMERICAN GAME IN ITS SEASON. By Henry William Herbert, author of "Frank Forester's Field Sports," &c. Illustrated from Nature, and on wood, by the author. Published by Charles Scribner, New York; and for sale by A. Hart, Phila.

THE EVENING BOOK. By Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. Published by Charles Scribner, New York; and for sale by A. Hart, Phila.

FLIRTATION IN AMERICA; OR, HIGH LIFE IN NEW YORK. Published by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

THE GRAFTED BUD; A Memoir of Angelica Irene Hawes. By Mrs. A. H. Hawes. Published by Redfield, New York; for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

FATHER BRIGHTHOPES; OR, AN OLD CLERGYMAN'S VACATION. By Paul Creyton. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

PASSION AND PRINCIPLE. A Domestic Novel, by Mrs. Grey. Published by Bunce & Brother, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

THE DIVORCED WIFE. By T. S. Arthur, Published by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

THE CHILD'S MATINS AND VESPERS. By a Mother. Published by Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston; and for sale by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philada.

THE PROPHETS AND KINGS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. A Series of Sermons preached in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn, by Frederick Denison Maurice, Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, and Prof. of Divinity in King's College, London. Published by Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston; and for sale by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philada.

THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE. By Zerah Colburn. New Edition. Published by Henry Carey Baird, Philada.

MARMADUKE WYVIL, An Historical Romance of 1651. By Henry William Herbert, author of "The Cavaliers of England," &c. Fourteenth edition. Published by Redfield, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

LAYARD'S DISCOVERIES AMONG THE RUINS OF NINEVEH AND BABYLON, &c.; Being the Results of a Second Expedition, &c. This is a perfect edition of Mr. Layard's work—containing all his numerous illustrations of the text. The price probably is higher, but we should much prefer it to the abridgement. As to the difficulty between the Harpers and Putnams, relative to the former's right to publish it, we know too little to express any opinion. We are greatly opposed, however, to the practice of republishing important English works in this country, in an abridged and mutilated form. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

SAM SLICK'S WISE LAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES; or What He Said, Did, or Invented. Published by Blanchard & Lea, Philada.

THE NEW ORLEANS SKETCH BOOK. By "Stahl," author of "The Portfolio of a Southern Medical Student." With Original Designs. Published by A. Hart, Philada.

PLAIN DIRECTIONS FOR OBTAINING PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES, by the Calotype and Energiatype, &c. Illustrated with Engravings. Published by A. Hart, Philada.

DR. GRANT AND THE MOUNTAIN NESTORIANS. By Rev. Thomas Laurie, Surviving Associate in that Mission. With Portrait, Map of the Country, Illustrations, &c. Published by Gould & Lincoln, Boston. For sale by J. W. Moore, Philada.

MARCO PAUL'S ADVENTURES IN BOSTON. By Jacob Abbott. Published by the Harpers, and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

NOTABILITIES IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND. With an Autobiography. By Philarete Chasles, Prof. of the Paris Institute. Published by G. P. Putnam & Co., New York, and for sale by J. W. Moore, Philada.

A MANUAL OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By E. Peshine Smith. Published by G. P. Putnam & Co., New York. For sale by J. W. Moore, Philada.

MEMORIALS OF THE ENGLISH MARTYRS. By the Rev. C. B. Taylor, M. A., Rector of Otley, Suffolk. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

THE SWORD AND THE DISTAFF; or, "Fair, Fat, and Forty." A Story of the South, at the Close of the Revolution. By the author of "The Partisan," "Katharine Walton," &c. Published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Phila.

JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE, and other Sketches of Character, Including William Wirt. Together with Tales of Real Life. By F. W. Thomas, author of "Clinton Bradshaw," &c. Published by A. Hart, Philada.

Clippings.

DO GOOD.

Do and suffer nought in vain;
Let no trifle trifling be;
If the salt of life is pain,
Let e'en wrongs bring good to thee;
Good to others, few or many,
Good to all, or good to any.
Ebenezer Elliott.

☞ Notwithstanding the prodigious quantity of saltpetre collected in the East Indies, it is calculated that two-thirds of the whole are annually sent to China and other parts of Asia, to make artificial fire-works!

☞ If Uncle Sam had all that has been stolen from him he could build half-a-dozen Pacific railroads.

☞ During a discussion between Doctors Draper and Watson at Boston, Dr. W. stated, that in the course of four years and a-half, he had taken from the citizens of Boston and vicinity, *one hundred barrels of blood!* and had *administered forty-nine pounds of mercury!*

☞ Don't rely too much on the torches of others; light one of your own.

☞ It was not Snooks's wife who "loved to make bread 'caused it cleaned her hands so beautifully," nor who wanted a dark colored tea-set that "wouldn't show the dirt." It is a base slander on Mrs. Snooks—and we are happy to record the fact.

☞ "The price of a virtuous woman is far above rubies," Solomon says. Were there allotted to any one, a female figure of solid gold, as a companion for life, who is there but would beg it might be of silver, only that it might speak? and, then, of an inferior metal, still, if it might only feel? and, then, that it might be like himself, of earth, might it only accompany him about? And yet, oh, human inconsistency! husbands be many of them heedless of home joys, as not being an increase of wealth.

☞ A Western merchant advertises a lot of buckwheat and *other millinery* for sale cheap.

☞ I am aware that it will seem to many a thing quite incredible, that in a country abounding as America does with cheap food, a standard grievance with the soldiers should be the manner in which they are fed; it is a fact, nevertheless, quite notorious to every soldier who has ever served in the American army.

☞ A NEW READING.—An aphorism floating through the newspapers, says that "an egg to-day is better than a hen to-morrow." This is a new way of expressing the sentiment, "A bird in hand is better than one in ambush."

"Offtimes a look or smile,
Forgotten in a kiss's while,
Years after from the dark will start,
And flash across the trembling heart."

☞ A woman is a good deal like a piece of ivy. The more you are ruined, the closer she clings to you. A wife's love don't begin to show itself till a sheriff is after you.

☞ A city editor, noted for the mildness of his character and the strength of his language, observes, that some of the New York importers, to avoid paying their duties, would "*swear the head off a bronze lion.*"

☞ REASONS FOR A SINGER'S COLD.—"What is the reason that fellow is always indisposed at the moment he is wanted to sing?" inquired an Exeter Hallite, just as a sort of Sims Reeves apology has been made for a popular singer. "Oh! it's easily accounted for," answered his neighbor, "when you think of the great airs he is continually giving himself, it's no wonder he so often catches cold."—*Punch.*

☞ PUBLIC LIFE.—An old lady expressed great surprise that a gentleman with whom she was conversing was not acquainted with her son, who, she said, was in public life. "In what capacity?" asked the other. "*He is assistant in a travelling caravan,*" replied the proud mother.

☞ Some outrageous revolutionist was talking the other day to Douglas Jerrold, of Louis Blanc. "Why, sir," said the panegyrist, "sir, he's next to Jesus Christ!" "*On which side?*" said the incomparable Douglas.—*Cor. Phila. Register.*

INSCRIPTION OF AN ANCIENT BELL.

"To call the folk to church in time,
I chime;
When mirth and pleasure's on the wing,
I ring;
When from the body parts the soul,
I toll."

☞ When George II. was once weather-bound on the Dutch coast, he declared to Sir Chas. Wager that he *would* put to sea; and would rather have twenty-four hours of tempest than twelve hours more of Helvoetsluys. "Your majesty has nothing to apprehend of that sort," was the answer—"you will be at the bottom in two hours."

☞ The Bedouins are acquainted with few medicines. The desert yields some valuable simples, which are, however, rarely used. Dr. Sandwith hearing from Suttum that the Arabs have no opiates, asked what they did with one who could not sleep. "Do!" answered the Sheikh, "why, we make use of him, and set him to watch the camels."

☞ The following was Zeno's famous argument against motion:—"No material body can ever move, because, if it moves, it must either move where it is, or where it is not. It cannot move where it is, because it only fills its own space, and there is no room for it to move there. It can *only fill* it. It cannot move where it is not, for it is not there to move. Ergo, all motion is impossible."

☞ AN AFFECTIONATE YOUNG LADY.—"Louisa," in the Louisville Journal, breaks out as follows.—

Sweetest love,
Place thy dear arm beneath my drooping head,
And let me lowly nestle on thy heart;
Then turn those soul-lit orbs on me and press
My PANTING LIPS to taste the ecstacy
Imparted by each LONG AND LINGERING KISS

☞ A LONG POEM.—One of the poems in Mr. Shillaber's forthcoming volume of "Rhymes with Reason and without," is, we suppose, the longest in the language. As originally composed, it was no less than forty miles long, having been written in the cars between Providence and Boston.—*True Flag.*

Mark how the scorpion, Falsehood,
Coils round in its perplexity, and fixes
Its sting in its own head. *Coleridge.*

☞ In colloquial language, nothing will so utterly surprise the stranger—yes, shock him,—as the universal profanity among the ladies. In the best circles of Germany, I have heard more oaths in one evening, than I would in the same time from a ship's crew. "*Ach Gott! Mein Gott! mein Gott! Jesus Christus!*" rung over and over at the veriest trifles.—*Brace.*

☞ To preserve that harmony between the sexes, which constitutes the beauty of life, the antagonism of like pursuits must be excluded. Open the same arena for female employment that is occupied by man, and we shall find the contests of opinion springing up, which form the diverging point of human attachment.

☞ POLITE SOCIETY.—A place where manners pass for too much, and morals for too little.

☞ The ability to love what is love-worthy, and thus to love the Lord as the most love-worthy, is the highest privilege of a rational creature.

☞ Brigadier-General Quattlebum, for many years the commander of the chivalrous South Carolina Militia, has resigned his command. He was the advocate of secession, "single handed and alone." The Union may now breathe freely for a little while, and the children of the North sleep in peace.

☞ THE HUSBAND'S BEST EXCUSE.—"I was detained upon business, my dear."

☞ It is announced that the contributions now being received in England by Mrs Stowe, are for the benefit of the colored race in America, she being the judge as to how the money shall be applied.

☞ CYPRESS VINE.—We are told that one thing only is necessary to make the seeds of this annual vegetate freely, and that is to soak them over night in milk, blood-warm when put in.

☞ The Athenians were singularly careful of human life. By an old procedure at Athens, an object which had caused death was tried and cast over the border. An enemy of Theogenes, the boxer, came every day after his death, to gratify his spite by flogging his statue. One night it toppled over and killed him. It was formally indicted for murder, found guilty, and in spite of the "justifiable" circumstances, thrown into the sea.

Man, in his many virtues clad,
Bold, rushes into life,
Where, by a hardier fate beset,
He meets the grappling strife.
One virtue only woman needs,
Disclos'd when she is here;
A flow of gladness fills the heart,
To see her form appear.

☞ He makes a lady but a poor recompense who marries her because he has kept her company long after his affection is estranged. Does he not rather increase the injury?—*Shenstone.*

☞ May is considered an unfortunate marrying month. A country editor says that a girl was asked recently to unite herself in the silken tie to a brick chap, who named May in his proposals. The lady tenderly hinted that May was an unlucky month. "Well, make it June, then," honestly replied the swain, anxious to accommodate. The damsel paused a moment, hesitated, cast down her eyes, and with a blush said,—"Would not April do as well?"

☞ "ABOUT HALF RIGHT."—Sam Lathrop says he goes for abolishing flogging in the Navy, and introducing it into Congress!—*Pathfinder.*

☞ A late writer in the Ohio Cultivator gives the following remedy—Cut a notch in the middle of the nail every time the nail is pared. The disposition to close the notch draws the nail up from the sides.

☞ New York is a great city! It has its heraldry office, where "Mr. Henry Hays undertakes searches for pedigrees and coats of arms, copies and designs arms and crests; prepares the same to be painted on coach panels," &c. Wonder if Mr. Hays can tell how many horses Mrs. Potiphar's grandfather could shoe in a day?—*Portland Transcript.*

☞ LEGISLATURE.—The head-quarters of rant and folly. A place to which many towns in the country send their most disagreeable citizens for the winter, for the sake of having a comfortable time at home.

☞ It recently took three Reverend gentlemen to marry another Reverend gentleman in England. Probably there was about as much "unction" in the whole three, as there ought to be in one—and they knew their weakness.

☞ The Postmaster of Baltimore has supplied each box-holder with a neat brass check, of the size of a silver dollar, having a number corresponding with the number on the box. By handing this check to his clerk, boy or servant, the merchant or other person can thus authorize him to receive his letters, and its presentation at the window of the office will be the authority for the clerk to deliver them to the holder.

☞ HOLY DAYS.—Willis says, "There are days—when boys should be let out of school—the deliciousness of the weather amounting to a Sabbath—and this has been one of them." We have lately enjoyed a few such days in this region.

☞ TIT FOR TAT.—The colored gentry of Cincinnati have established a theatre at that place, and opened their performances at a Thespian temple, which they call "Liberty Hall," where they announce that "*white persons will not be admitted to take any part of the house, except the gallery.*"

☞ The Woonsocket Patriot editor makes merry over the mistake of an old Shanghai hen of his, that has been "setting" for five weeks upon—*two round stones and a piece of brick!* "Her anxiety (quoth he) is no greater than ours to know what she will hatch. If it proves a brick yard—that hen is not for sale."

☞ Lord Ellenborough once said to a witness, "Why, you are an industrious fellow, you must have taken pains with yourself; no man was ever *naturally* so stupid."

☞ I am not sorry that society is taxed for the drunkard. I would it were taxed more. I would the burden of sustaining him were so heavy that we should be compelled to wake up, and ask how he may be saved from ruin.—*Channing.*

POSTSCRIPT.

Threatened Insurrection of Slaves at New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, June 14.—Some excitement was produced in this city to-day, by rumors of an intended rising of the slaves in this city. Information was given to the police, late last night, by a free negro, who pointed out the ringleaders. They were immediately arrested, and being found heavily armed, confessed that a plan had been organized by 2,500 negroes to make an attack upon the city the next day, at several points, including the powder magazines, mint, and the principal banks of the city, which were to be set on fire, as a signal to the negroes of the surrounding country to join in the insurrection. The whole story is considered improbable, however, and is generally regarded as a hoax, but the police thought it necessary to take all proper precautions, and arrested some twenty negroes. All has been quiet since, and no others have been discovered implicated in the matter.

Miscellaneous.

MR. EVERETT'S ORATION.

Among the good things in Hon. Edward Everett's recent Oration before the Historical Society, were the following:

The island of Manhattan, which contains twenty-two thousand acres, was purchased of the Indians by the Dutch, for the sum of twenty-four dollars; and, said the orator, "though a dollar for a thousand acres seems rather a low figure for choice lots on Manhattan Island, yet had that twenty-four dollars been, on the day of the purchase, invested at compound interest, it would, by this time, amount to a sum about equal to the present value of the whole real estate of the island." Here is a story which produced a marked sensation: "So little confidence," said Mr. Everett, "was placed in the value of a title to land, even within the limits of the State of New York, that the enterprising citizens of Massachusetts, Gorham and Phelps, who bought millions of acres of land on the Genesee River shortly after the peace, for a few cents per acre, were obliged to abandon the greater part of the purchase, from the difficulty of finding under-purchasers to take enough of it off their hands to enable them to meet the first payments. On one occasion, when Judge Gorham was musing, in a state of mental depression at the failure of this magnificent speculation, he was visited by his friend and townsman, who had returned from a journey to Canandaigua, then just laid out. This friend tried to cheer the Judge with a bright vision of the future growth of Western New York, and, kindling with his theme, pointed to a son of Judge Gorham, who was in the room, and added: 'You and I will not live to see the day; but this lad, if he reaches three-score years and ten, will see a daily stage coach running as far West as Canandaigua!' That lad is still living."

Canandaigua is now a net-work of railways, and the locomotive shrieks through it and across it every hour of the day and night. Mr. Everett mentioned, what we believe is not generally known, that Brunel, the engineer of the Thames Tunnel, came over to *this* country after the Revolution, and declared, in due form, his intention to become an American citizen. This fact the lecturer learned from Brunel's own lips. Another story was received with a roar of applause. Mr. Everett said: "When I was in London, a few years ago, I received a letter from one of the interior counties of England, telling me that they had in their House of Correction an American seaman, (or a person who pretended to be) who was both pauper and rogue. They were desirous of being rid of him, and kindly offered to place him at my disposal. Although he did not bid fair to be a very valuable acquisition, I wrote back that he might be sent to London, where he could be shipped by the American Consul to the United States. I ventured to add the suggestion, that if her Majesty's Minister at Washington were applied to in a similar way by the Overseers of the Poor and Wardens of the Prisons in the United States, he would be pretty busily occupied. But I really felt pleased, at a time when my own little State of Massachusetts was receiving from ten to twelve thousand destitute British subjects annually, to be able to relieve the British Empire of the only American pauper quartered upon it."

We are glad to hear so influential a voice as Mr. Everett's lifted against the narrow prejudices entertained by many against the influx of foreigners into this country. "This country," as the lecturer very forcibly observed, "has not only grown great by emigration, but to emigration owes its existence; and to shut the door upon further emigration, would be as worthy as to break down a bridge over which we ourselves had escaped, while yet it was crowded with fugitives, fleeing from the same calamities which had caused our own flight."

"CIRCUSES.—There are in the United States twenty-two travelling Circus Companies, all prosperous, and composed of the most daring and splendid riders and vaulters in the world, whose feats literally outvie those of the Olympic games. The American character, in its intrepidity, is as fully shown in the perpetual audacity of these Companies, as in the more renowned functions of pioneership or war. The self governing force of the people is also concentred in their economies. For example, Twenty-two Companies travelling about would naturally, without some arrangement forbidding it, cross the paths of one another. In France, this would be regulated by the Government, and some one would be decorated and pensioned for his immense service in the matter. Here we manage the thing better. The Circus Directors, like the physicians, geologists, philanthropists, &c., have their spontaneous congresses. There they consider matters relating to the craft, and draw lots to determine their respective circles of action. The first drawn number entitles the holder to take a piece of chalk and describe on the map of the United States the circle of his operations, indicating where he will be on particular days, the choice, of course, being limited. The drawer of number two cannot run against him in his circle on the map. And so with the other numbers. This is all curious, and nationally characteristic.

"A book, highly interesting, novel, suggestive, and with deep political significance, might be made up of the intrinsic self-governing arrangements of companies and professions of whatever kind in this country. It would teach many a doubting American what he never dreamed of, and show that the Chancellor of Christina of Sweden was right when he said,—'Go, my son, upon your travels, and see how little wisdom it takes to govern the world.' The world, on this side of the water, is self-governed, and proves the want of wisdom which submits to European over treatment."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

NEWSPAPER OBITUARY NOTICES.—A few months ago, the New York Knickerbocker made some sprightly remarks upon this subject. Some of the choicest specimens were from the columns of the Public Ledger, of this city. No one who read the article will forget the lines:

"Sweet little Billy,
Whose breath was as pure as a lily,"

whose friends added, that

"Though we put thy death in the paper,
Still we miss thy innocent capers."

The following verses often appear in the Ledger:—

"Fare thee well, my child, forever,
In this world I've lost my joy;
In the next we ne'er shall sever,
There I'll meet my angel boy."

If the writer and the deceased are never to sever in the next world, the impropriety of bidding farewell *forever* ought to be obvious to the meanest capacity. Occasionally the word joy is substituted for *boy*, at the end of the fourth line, making it the blankest of blank verse.

The following appeared in the Ledger of May 7th:—

"Dearest Mary Elizabeth, she is gone
Her sister went before—
Now they both meet in heaven,
Never to part any more.
They have a little brother they left behind,
Nor do we know how soon
They may call on their dear little brother
To play around the silver moon."

This theory of the locality of heaven differs from that of the Rev. Mr. Harbaugh, who suggested one of the Pleiades as the spot.—*Bizarre.*

RUSSIAN DESPOTISM.—The American wife of Bodisco, the Russian Minister at Washington, is said to be now on her way to Russia with her three children, by express command of the Emperor, that the children may be educated in Russia.

Although their mother is an American, Despotism is too wise to allow her children to be educated in America.

When the great Polish patriot was executed after the Revolution of 1831, the Polish ladies made rings and bracelets out of his iron fetters. These ladies were watched by the police, and on a given night, they were all, to the number of five thousand, dragged from their beds and homes, separated from their families and friends forever, and imprisoned in convents for life, their children sent to Russian schools to forget their language and nationality.

THE DEAF AND DUMB.—At the late examination of the New York Deaf and Dumb Asylum, the question was asked: What are the benefits of silence? or, in other words, what are the benefits of being deaf and dumb? To this several answers were written upon the black boards. The following was written by Mary Toles:—"By being deaf and dumb we are prevented from hearing many things which often make us unhappy, and speaking things which we should not; and I have often thought that our reward in heaven would be even greater, for, will not the full tide of glorious melody sound even more beautiful to those ears which never woke to the discords of earth?"

☞ "Mammy! mammy! I hain't going to live long." "Why not, you serpent?" "'Cause my trowsers are all tored."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1853.

General News.

A VALUABLE SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.—A few days since, we witnessed the exhibition and operation of a Model Apparatus for forming foundations for piers, wharves and light-houses. It is a new and exceedingly interesting mode of effecting a difficult object. It was explained to the County Commissioners, by Mr. Sickels, the engineer of the West Chester Railroad Company, with a view to convince them of the great economy involved in its adoption, in constructing the bridges over the Schuylkill at Chesnut Street and Girard Avenue. It presents a beautiful illustration of the triumphs of modern mechanical genius, in overcoming great natural difficulties.

Every one must be aware of the enormous expense incurred in obtaining foundations in very deep water, mud, or quicksand, for heavy and permanent superstructures. The coffer-dam and pile-driving seem to have been, hitherto, the only safe expedients. At this point, mechanical ingenuity has been at a dead stand for centuries.

The process in question is at once certain and cheap, and is founded upon natural laws which are easily explained. Instead of the ordinary wooden pile, hollow iron tubes or cylinders, open at each end, and of any shape, are used. This tube being sunk perpendicularly, in any depth of water, a movable cover is fitted to the upper end, having a hole in the centre, to which is attached the suction pipe of an exhausting air pump. It is obvious, that as soon as the air is exhausted in the tube, there must be a corresponding pressure upon the surrounding sand, mud, or other materials, which are thereby forced into the tube or cylinder, to supply the vacuum caused by the withdrawal of the air. As a consequence, the tube itself is rapidly buried; and as the operation is continued, will sink to depths, and through obstacles almost incredible, until we consider to what an enormous force and pressure of the atmosphere, on the large external surface around the tube, it is subjected.

The cylinder may be sunk in sections. As soon as one section is sunk and filled by the displaced material, it is emptied; a second is screwed and bolted on to its top, and the air being pumped out as before, the same sinking effect is produced.

As an evidence of the efficiency of this plan over every other known, one instance may be given. Capt. Bullock, of the British Navy, in attempting to procure a foundation for a light-house, on the Goodwin Sands, found that a sharp iron rod of three inches in diameter, which was sunk thirteen feet in the sand, required forty-six blows of a hammer weighing one hundred pounds, with ten feet fall, to drive it one inch deeper. And yet, upon the new plan, a hollow iron pile, of thirty inches diameter, was sunk in the same sand thirty-three and a half feet, in the short working time of five and a half hours. So superior has the latter method proved, that the old system has been abandoned, in England, for several years.

By attaching a voider, or large vessel, previously exhausted of its air, an instantaneous effect, similar to the blow of a hammer is produced; and this is resorted to, where stones, boulders, or other obstacles present themselves to the downward passage of the tube. By this means it is found, in practice, that every kind of soil, such as sand, bog, clay, gravel, &c., can be mastered. Rock alone is excepted. Where it is desirable to pass through rock, this process affords an easy mode of reaching it, when it can be removed by the ordinary boring implements.

The superiority over the old method is clear from another consideration. It is known that the wedge-shaped, old-fashioned pile, forces its way, by compressing the materials through which it passes. In some cases, the solidity of the medium is much increased by this pressure, as entirely to defy the further passage of the pile. By the use of the hollow iron pile, the resisting materials are displaced, forced upwards, and removed from time to time as required.

After the tube has been fully sunk and emptied, it may be filled with cement and concrete, which will form a solid interior column of itself, sufficient to sustain any weight. The numerous and valuable applications of this process are just beginning to be appreciated in this country. They are in a department of engineering where natural obstacles are most difficult to overcome.

Mr. Sickels is about to construct a light-house for our Government upon this plan. It is believed that if this process is resorted to in founding the piers for the Schuylkill River bridges, a large sum of money might be saved. The masonry in the piers at the Market Street bridge was laid in the deepest water attempted up to that date, and the enormous expense of that undertaking is well known.—*Evening Bulletin.*

THE RAPPINGS IN PARIS AND LONDON.—The Rev. Charles Beecher's work on the "Spirit Rappings" is to be re-published in London, by Bosworth, with an introduction by Mrs. Stowe. It will be remembered that Mr. Beecher admits the genuineness of the phenomena, but attributes them to evil spirits. In Paris, considerable excitement exists among the *savans* upon the subject. At a recent *seance* at Mr. Goodrich's, the American Consul's, Mignet, the historian, a nephew of Arago, and several other distinguished persons witnessed the phenomena, and were much astonished. Beyer, Professor of Chemistry in Paris, has written a letter, in which he asserts the reality of "table-moving." Mr. Henry Spicer's book on the subject, "Sights and Sounds," is having a great sale in London. A few copies are for sale in this city, by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

We copy the following items from Punch:

The Locomotive Table Company, Provisionally Registered. Capital, £20,000,000, at Twopence Halfpenny a Share. A letter in Galignani's Messenger having fully proved the facility with which Tables can be moved by means of a Company, through mere volition, after the hands of a Company have been placed for a short time on the Table, it is proposed that a Company shall be formed for the application of tabular locomotion to practical purposes; to be called the "Locomotive Table Company." The principal object of the Association will be, to supercede Steam Engines on Railways; an improvement in travelling by which, it is hoped, many serious accidents will be prevented which would otherwise have occurred. The Table will be placed where the engine is at present, in front of the train; it will go on grooved castors; and a certain number of the Directors of the Company will be seated at a board in connection with it; which will insure that additional guarantee of safety so much wanted on railroads.

As the movements of the Table can be guided by the volition of one individual, the Chairman of the Company will supply the place of Engineer; assisted by the Secretary in the capacity of Stoker.

The expenses involved in carrying out the Company's object will not, it is expected, be very considerable; but Shareholders will be required to pay down the whole of their subscriptions, as the projectors anticipate some little difficulty in obtaining credit.

THE WYANDOTS.—Big Turtle, a chief of the Wyandot Tribe of Indians, who removed from Ohio to the Indian Territory, writes as follows to the State Journal concerning their present condition:—

Our improvements, when appraised, amounted to upwards of $127,000, which was paid us in the Autumn of 1845. In the Spring of 1850, our Chiefs retroceded the granted tract to the Government, and $100,000 of the proceeds was invested in five per cent. Government Stock—making our present annuity $22,000. We have two churches, one a splendid brick edifice, neatly finished. We have three District Schools in active operation, under the immediate supervision of the Council. We have two flourishing Sabbath Schools, with good libraries. We have a large Temperance Society, and a Division of the Sons of Temperance about to be formed. And as for our agricultural pursuits, they are carried on profitably, every year yielding a surplus for market. Our general thrift surpasses that of any Tribe North of the Arkansas line. In short, we are in far better circumstances than when living in Ohio. The nation generally is contented and happy.

STRINGENT RAILROAD LAW.—The Committee of the Connecticut Legislature on Railroads, have reported to the Legislature a bill, which provides that all trains shall come to a full stop at all drawbridges, and wherever the track crosses that of other roads. It attaches heavy penalties for every instance of these regulations being disregarded. The engineers are to be fined and imprisoned, and the President or Directors, being parties thereto, shall be fined $1,000. It also required men to be stationed at all the switches, under similar penalties, and where speed is over thirty miles per hour, a brakesman is required for every car, under a penalty of $1,000. Engineers neglecting to stop the train when persons are seen upon the track, are to be deemed guilty of manslaughter, if such persons are killed. The Presidents of all roads within the State, must reside within its boundaries, and the officers of roads out of the State are not to be allowed to hold any offices upon roads in the State, under a penalty of $1,000 per day.

A BLACK SWAN IN ARISTOCRATIC WATERS.—Miss Greenfield, the "Black Swan," who recently gave several concerts in our Atlantic cities, is now in England, where she is lionized by the Duchess of Sutherland and her circle. The Duchess has given a morning concert at Sutherland House, at which the Swan sang several pieces, and was warmly encored. The Dukes and Duchesses of Argyle, Norfolk and Montrose, Lords Palmerston, Shaftsbury, Grosvenor, the Countess of Jersey, the French Ambassador, Ladies Villiers, Bunson, Foley, and many others were present, as also Mrs. Stowe, who presented the Swan with a splendid dress of moire antique, trimmed with bugles, which she wore.

CALIFORNIA INCORPORATION LAW.—A new law, passed by the California Legislature, enacts that any three or more persons may make, sign, and acknowledge, before some officer, competent to take the acknowledgment of deeds, a certificate in writing, which being placed on file in the office of the Secretary of State, confers upon them all the necessary powers as a corporate body. No dividends are allowed, except from surplus profits, and no part of the capital stock can be withdrawn for the purpose of dividend. A peculiar provision is inserted against fraudulent bankruptcy—the debts of the company being at no time allowed to exceed the amount of capital paid in.

NEWS ITEMS.

A writer in the Baltimore Sun, who has been afflicted severely in his family by that appalling disease, bronchitis, has found relief from the following remedy: "Take honey in the comb, squeeze it out, and dilute with a little water, and wet the lips and mouth occasionally with it." It has never been known to fail in cases even where children had throats so swollen as to be unable to swallow. It is certainly a simple remedy, and may be a very efficacious one.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—The Committee of the Convention upon the qualification of voters, had a session in the Senate Chamber of Massachusetts, on Friday week, when Wendell Phillips and Miss Lucy Stone made speeches in favor of extending to women the right of suffrage.

A locomotive, despatched from Laporte, Indiana, to Chicago, for physicians to attend Robert B. Dextader, who died at Laporte, of apoplexy, ran the entire distance and back in one hour and forty minutes. The distance is 68 miles each way, making a speed of 116 miles in 100 minutes.

A lad of twelve years of age, came into the Police Court of Cincinnati, and asked to be committed to the House of Refuge. When interrogated as to what had prompted him to take such a course, he replied that his father and mother did nothing but get drunk and abuse him, and that he was anxious to be placed out of their reach and influence.

The cost of living at Pittsburg, taking the market reports, as compared with the markets of Philadelphia, is about one-half less than in this city, yet Pittsburg is within twenty-four hours' travel by railroad with Philadelphia.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The National Intelligencer states that the editors of that journal have reason to believe that a concession of the sovereignty of the Sandwich Islands has not been offered to the United States by their King, Kamehameha, and that "the overture said to have been made, was not a cession of the Islands, but simply a protectorate against the supposed design of France on the independence of the Islands."

The Iowa papers announce that a gentleman in that State proposes, for a certain compensation, to keep cities free from the dangers attending thunder storms. Though this seems like a doubtful proposition, it is said by scientific men that, by a proper arrangement of numerous lightning rods, this object can be accomplished, and at a cheap rate. The system has been tried in the South of France, where extensive vineyards have been thus protected from the ravages of hail-storms, which often follow thunder-showers, while those adjoining have been devastated.

A. H. Stovall, a man aged about sixty years, convicted at Richmond, Va., of mail robbery, has been sent to the penitentiary for ten years. He was a mail carrier, and, it is alleged, abstracted $100 from a letter.

DEATH OF A MISER.—An old female miser died at Richmond, a few days ago, and on searching her premises, it is said, that $800 in specie, and $9,000 in bank notes, many of them ruined by worms and bugs, were found.

One hundred and seventy-six chickens, of the Cochin China, Shanghae, and other rare breeds, have been sold at auction, at New Orleans, for $1,572 55. Two Hong Kong geese sold for $20, and two white Bremen geese for $12.—*Columbia (S. C.) Daily Banner.*

The Pacific, in her last voyage to Liverpool, took out the answers to the letters received in this city by the Atlantic, and deposited these replies in the Liverpool Post-Office on the 20th day after the letters were mailed. Both ships made extraordinary passages.

The Diocesan Synod of the Archiepiscopal Diocese of Baltimore, which has been in session during the past week at St. Mary's Seminary, adjourned on Saturday week *sine die.* Among other important decrees enacted, was that for the publication of *marriage bans, i. e.,* all Catholics intending marriage will have to give notice to that effect to the clergyman of their parish, which notice will be read in church during the public service.

The statement that the people of Madeira did not need or use the provisions recently sent from this country in their behalf, is said to be wholly without warrant.

A case of poisoning by strychnine, which was relieved by chloroform, is reported in the Medical Journal of Philadelphia, by Surgeon Upshur.

The Pacific Railroad Company have completed a road for 40 miles West of St. Louis, and it is under contract for 135 miles. Its length is to be 600 miles to the boundary of the State of Missouri.

MALPRACTICE.—Lorenzo Slack has obtained a verdict of $800, in the Windsor County Court, Vt., against Dr. Dixi Crosby, for alleged malpractice in setting the thigh-bone of the former.

Blankets were first made at Bristol, in England, in the reign of Henry III., and so called after three brothers named Blanquet, by whom a loom, at which they were woven, was invented.

PRIZE.—The Aerostatic and Meteorological Society, of Paris, offers a prize for the best material for enclosing hydrogen. The prize is a medal of gold of the value of three hundred francs.

It is the intention of Mrs. Stowe, it is said, to write a work on English men, women, and manners, on her return to this country.

Seven of the crew of the steamer Winslow were drowned at Louisville, on Saturday week, while endeavoring to remove a log of wood that had got fastened in the wheel of the steamer.

A trial of interest recently occurred in Paris, on an indictment of an auxiliary surgeon of one of the hospitals, for homicide committed in the exhibition of chloroform. An eminent practitioner testified that the accused must have been employed in the hospitals in the similar use of chloroform at least two thousand times, and that, if the patient died in his hands, the accident was to be ranked in the number of those which it is almost impossible for a physician to foresee. The Court pronounced the case to be one of involuntary homicide.

THE RIGHT OF WAY.—A sucker who strayed up and squatted on the line where the railroad was to run, was applied to for the right of way through his farm. He objected strenuously. They would spoil his farm, and all his cattle would be killed when the locomotive came along. When told that the company would pay him for all such damages, he met the agent with the reply: "Why, yes—perhaps they might—if a feller could catch 'em—but when they come along with one of their cow catchers and tuk off his stock in the night, the darn thing would be in Chicago before he could get up and dress himself."

The National Division of the Sons of Temperance, met recently at Chicago. They had a public procession.

The British frigate Leander, with the Earl of Ellesmere and the British Commissioners for the Crystal Palace Exhibition, have arrived at New York.

INDEMNITY DEMANDED.—Mr. Marsh, the United States Charge d'Affaires, has demanded of Greece 300,000 drachms as damages for the Missionary, Mr. King, who was imprisoned about a year ago, for publicly attacking, as was alleged, some of the dogmas of the Greek Church.

General Mansfield, Inspector-General of the Army, it is said, has been ordered to a visit of reconnoissance of the Mesilla or disputed territory between Mexico and the United States.

A local census of Dayton, Ohio, shows it to contain 16,562 inhabitants, being an increase of 5,586 since the United States Census of 1850 was taken.

Ex-Governor Vroom, of New Jersey, has accepted the post of Envoy of Prussia, and has so informed President Pierce, as we learn from the Trenton Gazette.

PAYING FOR LIVES.—As the statutes of Illinois provide that railroad companies shall pay $5,000 for every life lost on a train of cars through the carelessness or recklessness of the company or its agents, damages for the Chicago massacre will reach $105,000 if sued out, as there were twenty-one persons killed.

A recent passenger train in going into Macon, Ga., was thrown down an embankment, and the mail guard was killed, and five passengers severely injured; among them the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, member of Congress from that State.

CROPS IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—The Rochester American of Saturday, says:—"On the whole, the fields and farms of Western New York, present to the eye of the husbandman, a spectacle of rich promise and beauty, such as can no where be excelled.

HORRIBLE DEATH FROM A RATTLESNAKE BITE.—The Ancient City, published at St. Augustine, says:—"On Saturday, the 14th of May, a son of Mr. Futch, of this county, while picking whortleberries, was struck by a large rattlesnake—upon being struck he started to run, but found the snake had its fangs fastened to his pantaloons leg, and in stumbling and scuffling to get loose, the snake struck him some six or seven times. The lad was about 14 or 15 years of age. He survived but a few hours.

It is understood that additional troops have been ordered from Texas to New Mexico. Among them are six companies of the Eighth Infantry. The two companies of Light Artillery already in New Mexico are to be equipped with fresh horses. Three hundred recruits are to march from Fort Leavenworth on the 20th inst., with Gov. Merriweather and Gen. Garland.

POISONED MEAL.—A gentleman of Prince George's County, Md., purchased some meal, at Bladensburg, on Tuesday, with which he fed his four horses. In a short time three of them died, and the fourth is probably dead before this. Another gentleman in the village also purchased some of the meal, and fed his hogs and poultry, and they too died soon after eating it. It was subsequently ascertained, that in the mill where the meal was ground, arsenic was daily used for the destruction of rats, and it is supposed that it accidentally got thrown among the corn. Such carelessness is deserving of severe reprehension.

David Hunt, a Mississippi planter, recently sent five thousand dollars to the American Colonization Society, in addition to one thousand dollars yearly, which he has paid during the last ten years.

Later news from the Rio Grande, states that Caravajal and his associates had been released, and immediately entered suit against the U. S. Marshal, for false imprisonment.

GRAPE CULTURE.—A large party of Germans were in Albany last week, on their way to Illinois, where they propose to engage in the grape culture.

SEEKING HIS SISTERS.—A young man named William Franklin, is in Cincinnati, looking for two sisters, who were left in Pittsburg or Cincinnati, in 1836, at the ages of 10 and 11 years.

THE GARDINER TRIALS.—It is now stated as a "fixed fact" that the Government has despatched a new Commission to Mexico, to obtain information as to the existence of the otherwise alleged mines of Dr. Gardiner. When will the public get the truth of this matter?

A PERILOUS PASTOR!—The Alabama Herald contains an account of the murder of a negro in Chambers Co., of that State, by his master, *Rev. Robert Jones,* a Methodist preacher. The negro was tied to a tree and whipped to death.

Commander Lynch, who went on a preliminary expedition of observation, a few months ago, to Africa, has returned, having explored all the rivers on the coast of Liberia, and found none navigable higher up than twenty miles from the mouth.

The Canada brings 82 passengers, among them Sir Charles Lyell and Joseph Whitworth, the English Commissioners to the World's Fair, Col. Hughes, Professor Stowe, &c.

ELECTION OF A WOMAN TO PUBLIC OFFICE.—The Portland Argus says, the Eastern District in Lincoln Co., Me., has chosen a *lady* for Register of Deeds, in the person of Miss Olive Cone, formerly assistant in the office. Miss Rose has two-thirds of the votes. The Argus remarks, "Whether a female is eligible to such an office under our laws, is the question to be settled." The Women's Rights Conventions insist that she is.

A WIFE FOR THE TIMES.—The editor of the Mountain Banner, a North Carolina paper, says, that during his absence his wife set the type for four columns of the paper, prepared the copy, read the proofs, and wrote some editorials.

Gov. Seymour said, a few days since, that he had more females kneeling to him than had any other gentleman in New York—wife, mother, sister—they all beseech a pardon, even for the man whose freedom makes their home miserable.

LATE FROM UTAH.—GOVERNOR YOUNG TROUBLED BY MEXICANS AND APOSTATES.—Advices from Salt Lake to the 30th of April have been received. Governor Brigham Young has issued a proclamation ordering out an armed force to reconnoitre "a horde of Mexicans," who had entered Utah territory for the purpose of inciting the Indians to make aggressions on the inhabitants. The Governor is also down in a savage manner upon apostates. He advises them not to court persecution, lest they get too much of it. The Governor bursts out in indignant denunciation of the apostates, and relates one of his dreams, as follows:

"Who broke the road to these valleys? Did this little nasty Smith and his wife? No; they stayed in St. Louis while we did it, peddling ribbons and kissing the gentiles. I know what they have done here; they have asked exhorbitant prices for their nasty stinking ribbons, (voices, 'that's true.') We broke the roads to this country. Now you Gladdenites, keep your tongues still, lest sudden destruction come upon you. I will tell you a dream that I had last night. I dreamed that I was in the midst of a people who were dressed in rags and tatters; they had turbans upon their heads, and these were also hanging in tatters. The rags were of many colors, and when the people moved, they were all in motion; their object in this appeared to be to attract attention; said they to me, 'we are Mormons, Brother Brigham.' No, you are not, I replied. 'But we have been, said they,' and began to jump, and caper about and dance, and their rags of many colors were all in motion, to attract the attention of the people. I said you are no Saints, you are a disgrace to them. Said they, 'we have been Mormons.' By-and-by along came some mobocrats, and they greeted them with, 'how do you do, sir, I am happy to see you.' They kept on that way for an hour. I felt ashamed of them, for they were in my eyes a disgrace to Mormonism.

"Then I saw two ruffians, whom I knew to be robbers and murderers, and they crept into a bed where one of my wives and children were. I said, you that call yourselves brethren, tell me, is this the fashion among you? They said, 'Oh, they are good men, they are gentlemen.' With that I took my large bowie knife that I used to wear as a bosom pin in Nauvoo, and cut one of their throats from ear to ear, saying, 'go to h—l across lots.' The other one said, 'You dare not serve me so.' I instantly sprang at him, seized him by the hair of the head, and bringing him down, cut his throat, and sent him after his comrade; then told them both, if they would behave themselves they should yet live, but if they did not I would unjoint their necks. At this I awoke. *I say rather than that apostates shall flourish here, I will unsheathe my bowie knife, and conquer or die.* (Great commotion in the congregation, and a simultaneous burst of feeling assenting to the declaration.) *Now, you nasty apostates, clear out, or judgment will be put to the line, and righteousness to the plummet.* (Voices generally, 'go it, go it.') *If you say it is right, raise your hands.* (All hands up.) *Let me call upon the Lord to assist us in this, and every good work.*"

THE EGG QUESTION.—Among the grave questions which have recently come before the profound lawgivers of Massachusetts, was one upon a petition praying for a law providing for the sale of eggs by weight. It was formally referred to the Committee on Agriculture, and Mr. Rowley returned the subjoined report, which will be found entirely adverse to the interests of the great Shanghai family.

"The Committee on Agriculture report that the present mode of selling eggs goes back as far as the memory of man runneth; and the granting the prayer of the petitioners would produce the most direful results. It would completely revolutionize our whole code of kitchen laws, render useless all cooking receipts, and bring down upon the hands of this great General Court in general, and upon the heads of the unmarried ladies in particular, the anathemas of the whole fraternity of cooking maids, for presuming to innovate upon this time-honored and hallowed practice. If eggs were all of a size, there would be no necessity for legislation. The Committee, therefore, recommend to the feathered tribe a strike for an increase of feed, and an application of the ten hour law, and that the petitioners have leave to withdraw."

The report was accepted in both houses.

SALT LAKE CITY.—A correspondent of the New York Times, writing from Salt Lake City, the seat of Mormon power, of the growth of that place, says:—

"Without detracting in the least from the enterprise of the saints in this respect, I will say, that any other body of Anglo-Saxon farmers, mechanics, artisans and laborers, (of equal numbers) would have effected quite as much, if not more, in the same length of time. I think the same number of Shakers would have effected more, because the amount which has been spent in support of the priesthood and their *harems,* would have gone in a more useful direction. The whole marvel lies in two facts—First, that the entire community were transferred here at once, without waiting for the tedious process of a gradual settlement. And second, all their energies, stimulated by religious enthusiasm, have been measurably directed by a single will. The real miracle consists in so large a body of men and women, in the nineteenth century, being governed and controlled by such gross religious imposture."

ANOTHER REPORTED OFFICIAL DEFALCATION.—A Washington correspondent of the New York Times says:

"It is reported in high quarters that important developments will soon be made, touching a financial operation, by which the Treasury has been made to bleed. The Democratic version of this story is as follows: An Ohio man, named Minor, obtained from Secretary Corwin, upwards of a year ago, a transfer draft on New York, for the sum of $100,000, Minor agreeing to place the amount in proper hands in New Orleans, within a specified time. This he failed to do, alleging that the institution in which he deposited the money had failed. Minor was recommended to the Secretary as responsible and honorable, by the President of a Bank or Insurance Company in Ohio, and several letters in relation to him passed between Mr. Corwin and other parties. Five thousand dollars of the money have been recovered, but the balance, it is said, will be a total loss. It is hoped that the late Secretary will explain, in due time, the details of this transaction."

TRIAL BY JURY.—Mr. Walsh, in a letter to the Journal of Commerce, calls the attention of Judges and lawyers to the Second Report of the Common Law Commission, which was published in London, a few days ago. The trials of questions of fact, and the evidence receivable on such trials, compose its principal subject.

"The Commissioners treat fully of the trial by jury; they finally recommend that it be continued as the rule; but that the parties should, if both consent, be competent to dispense with it, and leave the issues of fact to the Judge. With regard to cases of mere account, arbitration is proposed by officers of the Court, County Court Judges, or, if the parties prefer, an arbitrator chosen by mutual consent, upon whose report judgment may be entered as upon the verdict. Unanimity in the Jury is to be maintained in all cases. The French have found that nine of the twelve for concurrence in the verdict are too many, and have descended to seven. Their new law deserves a particular notice."

A SUN-CURE.—Bayard Taylor, in one of his recent letters from Hindostan, relates the following account of a cure effected by a new agent. It may be well for the medical profession to look into it. He says:

"On getting into the cart, at the last station before reaching Khurdee, the step broke, and as I fell, my knee struck upon a projecting bolt, causing such intense pain as almost to deprive me of my senses. By the time we halted again, the joint was so stiff that I could scarcely bend it. The hurt produced such a chilliness that my teeth chattered, and I was fain to sit in the sun while breakfast was preparing. The morning was scorchingly hot, and I soon noticed that the heat seemed to draw out the pain from the injured limb. In fact, in half an hour I was able to get up as usual, and since then have not felt the slightest inconvenience from the injury. This is a case of sun-cure, which I recommend to any one who is anxious to start a new system of healing."

VENTILATION OF RAILROAD CARS.—A new mode of ventilation was recently tried on the Naugatuck Railroad, with decided success. The plan is that of Messrs. Atwood & Waterbury—the latter an officer of the road. Its general outline is this: The passenger cars of a train are all thrown into one long saloon by means of a flexible cloth or rubber platform, and, the windows being kept closed and the train opened at the rear, a strong current of air is received just over the engine, through a pipe or bag as wide as the train, and some six to twelve inches deep, which passes in at the top of the front car, and so along through all the cars, and out at the rear. A passenger assures us that the exemption from dust was perfect, the sensation of coolness and freshness delightful, while the perfect facility and safety of passing from end to end of the train sensibly enhanced the pleasure of the journey.

AS WE SUPPOSED.—We learn from Madrid that the report that Santa Anna had applied to the Spanish Government for help in preserving the independence of Mexico, against the United States, is a pure invention of stock-jobbers. No such application, says our informant, has been made. With regard to Mr. Soulé's reception, we are assured that it will take place without any difficulty, but that if he should open the subject of buying Cuba, he will get a positive and probably a piquant response. Spain never was less inclined to part with the island than at present.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

POLITICAL NEWS.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Constitutional Convention have adopted the secret ballot provision. There is also a large majority in favor of the election of all State and County Officers, not judicial by the people.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Democratic State Convention nominated Colonel Baker, as the candidate for Governor, by a vote of 173 out of 280.

Mr. Burke introduced a resolution in the Convention, censuring President Pierce for certain appointments, which created much angry discussion.

HOW TO GET AN OFFICE.—"Smoker," in the Comedy of "Office-Hunting," now being published in the Washington City "Cotton Plant," gives the following "recipe," which will prove of importance to all hungry patriots:

"In fact, woman is the best manœuvre after all. Take three pounds of petticoats, four smiles, two tear-drops, with gammon at discretion: stir briskly, and apply while warm to the blind side of a Secretary, and you have a never-failing prescription for getting an office."

SINGULAR RACE OF HUMAN BEINGS.—There are now in London two very singular human beings, of a race which has hitherto been very little known to the civilized world. They came from South Africa, where they are called *Earthmen.* They are totally distinct from all other known African races—as much so as if they had dropped upon this earth from another planet. They are diminutive in size—mere pigmies—and unacquainted even with the art of building huts. They shelter themselves in caves and crevices of the earth; when these are wanting they make artificial scoopings on the surface, which they line with leaves, and cover with branches. The Hottentots and Bushmen are the avowed enemies of the Earthmen, and when they meet they will shoot them down like vermin. The poor, little, defenceless Earthmen have no refuge but in holes, trees, or thickets, and the tribe is fast verging to extinction. They are a poor, weak people—one of Nature's freaks—and destined not to perpetuate their race. Few colonists have seen them; and although it is known that a few still linger in the mountains, these are rapidly dying away, and will soon become a tradition of an elvish afrite race of old.

The two individuals above mentioned were carried to England from the Cape of Good Hope two or three years ago, and have now become domesticated in an English family. The Morning Chronicle, from which we take these particulars, describes these little Earthmen as a boy and a girl, the former fourteen and the latter sixteen years of age, and "complete little fairies" in appearance. The boy is three feet three and a half inches in height, the girl a trifle taller. Their skin is of the brightest and most transparent bronze, and as smooth and polished as marble. In form the little creatures are perfect—their delicate limbs standing out in the most graceful symmetry, and every motion instinct with the untaught ease of nature. The faces, although decidedly African in feature, are full of sweetness and good humor, with an expression of archness and intelligence.

They are named Martinis and Flora. In their savage state they fed on locusts, ant-eggs, and such small game as they could take. Until they were carried to England they had no idea of God or any Supreme Power. At present they have been taught some of the customs of civilized life, and are able to speak little English words, to sing little English popular airs, and—the first of Earthmen—to play little airs on a piano.

Few sights are more interesting to a thinking person than that of the last of a race of human beings on the point of being blotted out from the face of the earth. The individuals in question seem to constitute one of the most anomalous forms of our species that have ever yet been brought to the notice of the naturalist or the ethnologist. It is to be hoped that further light will be thrown on their history by scientific researches.

FOREIGN ITEMS.—The Pope and the Professors of the Jesuits' College are experimenting in table-moving.

In Germany, all the associations formed by the students have been suppressed.

Diplomatic relations are totally broken off between Switzerland and Austria. The brave attitude assumed by the Swiss Government excites much attention. It looks as if France were backing it.

The Mormon Elders have been expelled from Persia.

Advices from Burmah to the 13th of April, state that more British troops were wanted, and there was no prospect of peace. The Burmese Commissioners had refused to sign the Treaty.

Fifty years' concession of the Sub-Marine Telegraph, from France to Algeria, had been granted to John W. Brett.

Among the passengers on board the Pacific are Lewis Cass, Jr., Charge d'Affairs at Rome, and H J. Raymond.

The prospects of the British troops in Burmah were very dark. They had met with repulses, and large numbers had been cut off in skirmishes. A steamer has been sent express to India for reinforcements.

Commodore Perry, with the steam frigate Mississippi, arrived at Hong Kong on the 7th of April, and he despatched the Plymouth to Shanghae on the 9th.

THE BIBLE CONVENTION.—The most noticeable thing at this Convention, was the offering of the following resolutions by William Lloyd Garrison:—

Resolved, That the doctrine of the American Church and Priesthood—that the Bible is the Word of God, that whatever it contains was given by Divine inspiration, and that it is the only rule of faith and practice—is self-evidently absurd, exceedingly injurious both to the intellect and the soul, highly pernicious in its application, and a stumbling-block in the way of human redemption.

Resolved, That this doctrine has too long been held as a potent weapon in the hands of time-serving priests, to beat down the rising spirit of religious liberty, and to discourage scientific development; to subserve the interests of blind guides and false teachers, and to fill all Christendom with contention and strife! and therefore the time has come to declare its untruthfulness, and to unmask those who are guilty of its imposture.

Resolved, That judging them by their course of action towards all the reforms of the age, and their position in society, the Clergy of this country, as a body, would as readily burn the Bible to-morrow, if public sentiment demanded it, and persecution and loss of character should be the result of disobedience—as to-day they are found earnest in their endeavors to maintain the plenary inspiration of that Book in accordance with public sentiment.

"HANG UP THE FIDDLE."—The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the Presbyterian General Assembly, at Buffalo:

"*Resolved,* That the fashionable amusement of promiscuous dancing is entirely unscriptural and exclusively that of the 'world which lieth in wickedness,' and so wholly inconsistent with the spirit of Christ, and with that propriety of Christian deportment, and that purity of heart which his followers are bound to maintain, as to render it not only improper and injurious for professing Christians either to partake in it, or qualify their children for it by teaching them the art; but also to call for the faithful and judicious exercise of discipline on the part of the Church Sessions, when any of the members of their churches have been guilty."

We hope Dr. Cox, one of the members of the Assembly, will, with his usual clearness and rhetorical simplicity of style, exactly define what "promiscuous" dancing is. Also, what David did, when he "danced before the Lord." And why David's wife was punished for scoffing at his dancing as unbecoming, and "wholly inconsistent with propriety."

AN INCIDENT IN CHURCH.—An amusing incident is related by the Palmer Journal, as follows:—

"A young clergyman, 'in a neighboring town,' after having commenced preaching on a warm Sunday, lost his sermon rather suddenly and unexpectedly. A gust of wind swept through the aisles of the church, took the sermon from the desk, and whirled it out of the window. Two deacons gave chase, and after a half hour's pursuit returned with the last leaf only of the wandering document, the remainder having escaped from them entirely. The clergyman not wishing to preach without notes, had seated himself to await the return of his sermon, and upon learning that it was lost to him forever, rose and gave out the hymn commencing with—

"'The wind may sweep our hopes away,
And disappointment be our doom;'

which the choir sang with great effect, after which the services were closed with the benediction."

THE MESILLA VALLEY AFFAIR.—A Washington correspondent of the New York Courier says:—

"General Wool has arrived here, and laughs at the idea of any disturbance with Mexico on account of the Mesilla affair. The Secretary of War also attaches no importance to the martial speculations upon Lane's and Trias's movements. It is believed by those who are well informed on the subject, that Mr. Gadsden has been instructed to commence negotiations by offering an indemnity to Mexico for Mesilla, and to purchase an additional strip, taking in the whole Valley of the Gila."

SINGULAR AND PAINFUL CASE.—Near Millerstown, on the 13th ult., Dr. S. E. Hall extracted from the right ear of Mr. Joseph Gelbach, *two hundred live maggots.* It seems that a fly or bug entered the drum of his ear, when he immediately started to the physician; but before he reached him the insect had left its tenement. This occurred two days previous to the extraction, in which time the patient suffered intense pain. It is supposed by the physician that the insect had deposited its eggs during the short time it was in the ear.—*Gettysburg (Pa.) Sentinel.*

MEXICO.—Santa Anna had issued a decree prohibiting smoking in the theatre, as a nuisance. Over forty papers have been suppressed since the recent decree in regard to the press was issued.

The army is to be re organized and divided into two classes—active and permanent—the National Guards to be incorporated into active militia. The whole army is to consist of 91,000 men, including an active force of 65,000, and a permanent force of 26,000. The army is to be recruited by volunteers.

ANOTHER ANSWER.—The New York Evening Post publishes a letter from a lady of New Orleans, to the Duchess of Sutherland, in reply to her Address. The Post says of the writer, that she is over seventy years of age, has now resided 55 years in New Orleans, and is one of the most reputable and influential ladies in that city. She does not think the pictures of slavery in Uncle Tom, unfaithful or exaggerated. She rebukes Mrs. Tyler, condemns slavery here, and Governmental oppression in England, and advocates colonization.

PAUPERS AT AUCTION.—We mentioned, a few days since, the custom of receiving bids for keeping the public paupers, which prevailed in some parts of New Jersey. We were not then aware that in some parts of New England—that land of schools and Puritans—the same custom prevailed. In Rhode Island and Vermont, the poor of some towns may annually be seen at "the auction block," to be struck off to the lowest bidder, who thinks he can either get some little compensating work out of them, or feed them on the refuse of his table, and many times on that which he never thought fit to be brought into his house. It is not a year since some of the papers of Rhode Island and Vermont called attention to some outrageous abuses in this matter. Would it not be well for some of our New England orators to take measures for preventing the sale, at auction, of some of the mothers of New England?—*Phila. Register.*

☞ A pleasant wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests.

☞ ALARMING "SICKNESS."—The Westfield liquor agency has sold $1,700 worth of liquor during the last year—all for medicine!

☞ We overheard one poor weather-bound individual, who was caught in the rain, humming to himself in a door way:

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour,
That chilling fate has on me fell;
There always comes a soaking shower,
When I hain't got no umberell.

Local News.

NEW ROADS.—Within the past year or two some valuable roads have been projected in the northern section of the county, the completion of which will very much benefit the residents of that region. Two good plank roads west of the river Schuylkill have been finished, and are now important avenues of travel, yielding to their stockholders very large dividends. These are the Darby and West Chester roads. A similar improvement of great value is the North Plank Road, which commences at Broad Street above Monument Cemetery, and runs in a northerly direction, following the Lamb road to Schuylkill Sixth Street, and the latter street nearly to the Nicetown road, and thence to Germantown, on approaching which it communicates with several much travelled roads. This avenue is sixty feet in width, with two tracks of plank way, between which there is a space of twelve feet for ordinary travel. The road is opened and fenced in along nearly the whole route, and the grading is rapidly proceeding. Broad Street will be paved by Penn District as far North as the District line, from which the street will be improved by the Company to its junction with their road. The country through which this road will pass, stands much in need of such a convenience, and there can be no doubt that the enterprise will be profitable. It is named the North Philadelphia Plank Road, after the embryo district of North Philadelphia, which will, most probably, be incorporated by the Court of Common Pleas, to which tribunal application has been made for the purpose. The Willow Grove Plank Road, from Germantown to Willow Grove, a distance of about seven miles, communicates with the North Philadelphia Road, or is, more properly speaking, an extension of it. It is now in course of location. The two roads will together form an important leading thoroughfare. A turnpike is also in progress from Germantown to Beachtown, a distance of two miles. The work of grading is rapidly proceeding. A company has also been incorporated to make a turnpike road from Germantown to Frankford, about four miles in length. The commissioners are now engaged in locating it.

A praiseworthy spirit of enterprise has been lately displayed by the people of Germantown, which seems likely to continue, and increase its importance as one of our largest and most thriving suburbs. Already there are three public highways between it and Philadelphia—the Ridge turnpike and its connections, the railroad, and the Germantown turnpike. The new plank road will make a fourth. The latter will cross the several railroads it passes on the route by bridges over them, so that carriages will be in no danger from the trains. The railroad between Germantown and Philadelphia is traversed by a thousand passengers daily. The same number of horses pass daily over the turnpike.—*North American.*

A TRAGIC SCENE PREVENTED.—A young sprig of Penn Township, whose name is something like Jacob, having been jilted by the girl of his heart, made up his mind to commit suicide, last Thursday week, and invited his younger brother, Nathan, to go with him to a nice little grove out on the Ridge Road where the operation was to be performed. When they reached this excluded spot, Jacob, the unhappy lover, drew from his pocket, a razor, which he had borrowed for this desperate purpose, and signified his intention to cut his throat from ear to ear. The younger brother looked whiter than ever at this declaration, and used all his powers of persuasion, to induce the love-afflicted youth to forego the awful deed. Finding all the other arguments thrown away, Nathan exclaimed as a last resort—"Well, now, Jake, don't you consider, if you kill yourself, you can't eat any more pot-pie?" Jacob paused, with the edge of the fatal instrument to his wind pipe—"Egosh!" cried he, "I never thought of that; and clam fitters, too! After all, there's something in this world worth living for, I guess, Nat., we'll postpone this job, and go home to dinner."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 153—Adults 67 and children 86.

FOURTH OF JULY.

On this day of festivity and joy, when all are prone to indulge in the good things of life, not unfrequently to excess, let us not forget that overloading the stomach with food or drink, especially at this season of the year, is often attended with serious consequences. If any, however, should inadvertently overstep the bounds of prudence, they should bear in mind that *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* prevent all evil results from impropriety of diet. They thoroughly cleanse the stomach and bowels from those bilious and corrupt humors, which are the cause of colic, pains, dysentery, cholera morbus, and other disorders of the bowels.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills also aid and improve digestion, and therefore give health and vigor to the whole frame.

Beware of Counterfeits!—Country storekeepers would do well to exercise care in buying from pedlars. We understand that a man by the name of HIESTAND, and another by the name of SINES, are offering what purports to be Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. These persons are not authorized agents for this medicine, and the article offered cannot be guaranteed as genuine.

The genuine is for sale by agents in all parts of the United States.

Principal Office 169 RACE Street, Philadelphia.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER. No. 26 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6's '56	112	—	Southwark	68	70
" '62	114½	—	Kensington	68	70
" '67	120¼	121	P Township	34	35
" '68	120¼	121	Girard	14	14½
" 5s '53	101½	—	Western	72	73
" '65	106	—	Mand Mechs	30½	31
July Interest off			Bk of Com	66	66½
Philada 6s	103½	104	Camden N J	59½	60
" 5s	97	97½	Germantown	60	—
" 6s Gas	106	106½	Trent Bk Co	30½	—
County 5s	93	93½	Pitt'bg Bk	55½	56
Penna 6s	100	—	M & M Pitts	55	—
" 5s	97	97½	Exchange, Pitts	55	—
Kentucky 6s	106	—	Com, Cin	15	—
Tennessee 6s	94½	95	Louis, Ky	114	—
Illinois 6s	81½	—	Kentucky Bk	117½	118
Cincinnati 6s	101	—	Northern	116	116½
Texas T Notes	45	48	Union, Tenn	97	100
" Bds 8s	65	70	Plant's, Tenn	97	100
Schuyl N 6s	84½	85	Vicksburg	16½	17
" Int	53½	53½	Com, Natches	—	—
Lehigh N 6s	99½	99½	N O Gas Bk	129	130
" Int Loan	95	96	Schuyl Nav	25	25¼
" Mort 6s	101½	—	" pref'd to	34½	34¾
C & D C'l 6s	98½	99	Lehigh Nav.	71	71½
C & Am R bds	99	99½	C & Del Cal	151½	152
BeaMdw R 6s	89	90	Morris Cl	21½	21¾
Susqueh C'l 6s	65½	66	Penn&Ohio Cl	—	29
Norrist'n R 6s	100	101	Union Cl	16½	17
Harris R 6s	100½	101	Cam&Am R	151	152
Wil R 6s	98	98½	Penna R	49½	49¾
Read R 6s	87½	88	Bea Mdw R	35¼	36
" Mort 6s	98	98½	Lykens Val R	15	—
U S Bk Notes	99	—	North Am Cl	16½	17
U S Bk Shares	4	4½	Susqueh Cl	15½	15¾
N Amer Bk	155	156	Norristown R	56	57
Penna Bk	128½	130	Harrisburg R	52½	53
Philadelphia	137½	138½	Wilmington R	38½	39
Far & Mec	72½	73	Reading R	45½	46
Commercial	60½	—	Minehill R	70	71
N Liberty	55½	—	N Liberty Gas	23	25
Mechanics	32½	33	N W Min Co	—	25

VALUABLE TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF AN INVALUABLE MEDICINE.

☞ We love to record the testimony of medical men in favor of Dr. M'Lane's medicines; it is gratifying, because the Vermifuge and Liver Pills of that distinguished physician were not invented for speculation, but were introduced into his practice with the design of effecting good, and they became celebrated through their great merit. They are not, therefore, to be placed in the same category with the patent nostrums of the day, which are so extravagantly puffed in the advertising columns of the newspapers. Drs. Newcomb and Duff, in common with others of the medical faculty, are simply doing justice to these invaluable medicines in thus speaking well of them, and truly imitate the benevolence of the "good Samaritan" in endeavoring to extend their use:—

JOHNSVILLE, January 30, 1850.

Gentlemen—We have used quite a quantity of M'Lane's Vermifuge in our practice, *and find it to be a valuable article, and one much needed in the country.* If we can get a sufficient quantity, we will use some exertion to dispose of it.

Drs. NEWCOMB & DUFF.

Messrs. J. KIDD & Co.—

For sale at all the principal Drug Stores in the United States.

NEW YORK MARKETS, JUNE 11.

ASHES—A fair demand, with sales of 150 bbls at $4,75 for Pots, and $5,25 for Pearls.

COTTON—The market is steady, with sales to day of 1,100 bales.

FLOUR, &c.—There is only a moderate business doing in Flour, and the market is without important change. The demand is principally for home consumption. Sales of 8,800 bbls at $4,44a4,56¼ for common to straight and choice State, and $4,31¼a4,62½ for mixed to fancy Michigan and Indiana and common to good Ohio. Canadian Flour is slightly better. Sales of 2,400 barrels at $4,31¼a4,37½, the greater part at the latter figures. A moderate demand for Southern Flour, with sales of 1,300 bbls at $4,75a5. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are nominally the same.

GRAIN—For Wheat there is a good export demand, and the market is firm. Sales of 1,100 bushels prime Genesee at $1,30, 1,500 prime white Ohio at $1,22, 4,600 fair do at $1,19, 9,000 mixed do at $1,10, and 7,000 prime white Canadian at about $1,16. Rye lower, with sales of 2,300 bushels at 91a91½c. Corn steady. Sales of 28,000 bushels at 64 cts for white Southern, 61a62½c for mixed do, 63a64c for Western mixed, and 66a66½ for yellow. Oats dull at 42a45c for Jersey, and 45a47c for State and Western.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is a shade firmer, with sales of 550 bbls at $15,75a15,87½ for Mess, and $13a13,12½ for Prime. Beef quiet; sales of 300 bbls. Sales of 150 bbls Beef Hams at $14a14,50. Cut Meats steady; sales of 180 pkgs at 8a9½c for Hams, and 5½a6c for Shoulders. Lard—Steady; sales of 200 bbls at 9½a10½c.

WHISKEY—Sales of 500 bbls at 23 for Ohio, and 23a23½c for Prison. Drudge is held at 22a22½c, some.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, 43 *Ann St., N. Y.*
Of HOTCHKISS & Co., *Boston, Mass.*
Of MILTON BOULLEMET, *Mobile, Ala.*
Of J. C. MORGAN, *New Orleans, La.*
Of W. & H. TAYLOR, *Baltimore, Md.*
Of F. HAGAN & Co., *Nashville, Tenn.*
Of S. W. PEASE, 28 *West Sixth St.,* and 89 *East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.*
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The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, June 11, 1853.

REMARKS—Business has been exceedingly quiet during the past week in all departments of trade, and the late foreign advices have had little or no effect upon the market. Cotton has been in limited request, but prices are steadily maintained. Flour has been dull, but Wheat is in active request, and all the receipts have been disposed of for shipment. Corn is not so active, and Oats have declined. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are exceedingly dull. Coal continues to meet a good demand at our former quotations. In Groceries the transactions have been on a very restricted scale, but without change in prices. Provisions are held firmly, and there is rather more inquiry for Pork and Bacon. Rice is dull. In Seeds nothing doing, and prices are nominal. In Tobacco no change. Teas are bringing rather better prices. Wool is firmer, the manufacturers holding off for the new clip, the receipts of which, thus far, have been extremely small. Freights to foreign ports are firm, and to Liverpool higher rates have been realized.—Colliers are scarce and in demand.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The supplies of Flour by water during the past week have been small, and by railroad they have again fallen off. The market has been rather firmer since the receipt of the Canada's advices, but the demand for export continues limited, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 10a11,000 bbls Western at $4,50 per bbl for mixed and good brands, including some of a select brand at $4,56¼; 2,000 bbls City Mills for August delivery at $4,75, and some extra at $4,75. The sales for city consumption have been to a fair extent within the range of $4,56¼a5 for common to extra brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is dull; sales of 300 bbls. Corn Meal has been inactive, and only a few hundred bbls Pennsylvania were disposed of at $2 65 per bbl.

Inspections for the week ending the 9th inst:

Wheat Flour, bbls	15,225
Rye Flour, bbls	196
Corn Meal, bbls	2,188

GRAIN—There has been a good demand for Wheat during the past week, both for export and milling, and prices are 1a2c per bushel higher. Sales of 25a26,000 bushels prime Pennsylvania Wheat at $1,12a1,13, and Rye at $1,05 per bushel, afloat. There is no Southern arriving. Rye is not so active. Sales of 2a3,000 bushels at 84a85c. Corn was in good demand on Saturday, and 6a8,000 bushels Southern yellow sold at 60a61c, but since the market has not been so active, and about 20,000 bushels were disposed of at 60c, including white at 58a59c. Oats are dull and lower. Sales of 8,000 bushels at 42½a43c per bushel for Pennsylvania, and 42c for Delaware.

PROVISIONS—There has been rather more inquiry for Pork, and 3a400 bbls Mess sold at $16,25 per bbl, 4 mos. In Prime nothing doing. City packed Mess Beef commands $16,50, in small lots for ship stores. Bacon has been in fair request, and prices are fully maintained. Sales of 4a500 casks Hams at 10a12c; Sides 8½, and Shoulders at 6½a7c per lb, 4 mos. Sales of Hams in salt at 9 cts; Sides 7½, and Shoulders at 6c. Lard is steady; small sales of bbls at 10½c, and kegs at 11c per lb, on time. Prices of Butter and Cheese are unchanged.

ASHES—The sales have been limited without change in prices.

BARK—There has been an increased demand for Quercitron Bark, and prices are firm. Sales of 220 hhds No 1 Quercitron at $25 per ton. Spanish Oak has been disposed of to some extent at $15a16 per cord.

BEESWAX—Is scarce and wanted. Small sales of good Yellow at 28a28½c per lb.

CANDLES—The demand has been limited, and the sales only in small lots at 32a33c per lb for Sperm, and 22a23c for Adamantine.

COAL—The market remains without change.—Supplies are arriving freely, both from the Schuylkill and Lehigh mines, and free shipments are making to the Eastward from Richmond and Bristol. Several cargoes of Allegheny Bituminous Coal sold at 18c per bushel.

COFFEE—The market has been inactive, but holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 1,000 bags Rio and Laguayra at 9¼a9½c per lb, on time. A cargo of 3,500 bags of the latter has arrived since our last notice.

COPPER—Is dull, and sells only in small lots at 27c per lb, 6 months, for English Sheathing, and 23a23c for Yellow Metal.

COTTON—The market has been very quiet during the week. The Canada's advices have had no effect upon prices, and holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 11a1,200 bales at 10¼ and 11½c per lb, on time, for Upland, and 11¼a12¼c for New Orleans.

The following has been the movement in Cotton at all the shipping ports since the 1st of Sept. last compared with the corresponding period of last year.

	1853.	1852.
The receipts at all the ports from 1st Sept. are (bales)	3,116,765	2,891,763
Exports	2,206,276	2,152,490
Shipments from Southern to Northern ports	458,276	863,883
Stock in all ports	371,685	296,102
Stock in New York	97,152	59,803

The increase of the supply is ahead of the increased consumption, which is very light.

DRUGS AND DYES—There is a fair trade doing; sales of Soda Ash at 2½a3c, and 250 casks on private terms; Prussiate of Potash 31a33c; Argols 16½a18; 27,000 lbs Copperas, supposed at 1½c; and Cochineal at $1,12 per lb, on time.

FEATHERS—The market is nearly bare. We quote good Western at 45a48c per lb, cash.

FISH—The sales of Mackerel have mostly been confined to small lots from store at $13a13,50 per bbl for small and large No 1s, and $8,50a9 for large No 3s. The market is nearly bare of No 2s. Codfish and Herring are dull.

FRUIT—There have been no further arrivals of foreign Fruit, and the sales are confined to small lots from store, without change in prices. 700 bushels Pea Nuts sold at $1,25. Dried Peaches range from $4 to 5 per bushel for unpared and pared. Dried Apples sell slowly at 3½a4c per lb.

GINSENG—Is scarce. The last sales of Crude were at 47a48c per lb, cash.

GUANO—There is a steady demand for Peruvian from vessels at Agent's prices. There is no Patagonia here.

HIDES—An import of 5,000 Laguayra have arrived, most of which were previously disposed of on terms not made public.

HOPS—Are scarce, and first sort sell in lots at 21a22c per lb.

INDIGO—Prices are firm. A small sale of Bengal at $1,35, and Manilla at 75c per lb, 6 mos.

IRON—The market has been very quiet during the past week. The stock is small, and prices are firm; small sales of No 1 Anthracite at $36, No 2 at $35, and No 3 at $34 per ton. A sale of Charcoal at $34, 6 mos. In Scotch Pig nothing doing. The last sale was at about $33. Prices are firm for all descriptions of Manufactured Iron.

LEAD—Pig is dull, and lower rates would be accepted. We quote Galena at 6½c.

LEATHER—Prices are firmer for all descriptions, but there is very little inquiry.

LUMBER—Supplies continue to arrive freely.—Sales of Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $14a15, Lehigh $14a15, and Susquehanna at $15a16 per M feet. Two cargoes of Laths sold at $2 per M of extra quality.

There were shipped by the Lehigh during the week ending 4th inst.

There were shipped by the Lehigh during the week ending 4th inst.	feet	2,138,698
Previously		10,259,460
Total this season		12,398,156

MOLASSES—There is no new feature to notice. The demand has been limited without change in prices, and the only sales reported are small lots of Cuba at 22a23c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—Small sales of Common Rosin at $1,60, and Soap at $1,75a2,50 per bbl. In Tar and Pitch no change. Spirits of Turpentine is lower. Small sales at 44a46c, cash and on time.

OILS—Prices are steady for all descriptions.—Sales of Crude Whale at 52a55c; Winter 65a70 cts, and Sperm at $1,25a1,33 per gallon. The last sale of Winter Lard Oil was at 84c. Linseed Oil sells slowly at 64c.

PLASTER—A cargo of Soft sold for calcining at $4 per ton, and two imports of Hard at $3,25.

RICE—Is held firmly, but the demand is limited; small sales at 4¼a4½c per lb, on time.

SALT—Two cargoes of Turks Island were taken before arrival on terms not made public.

SEEDS—In Cloverseed and Timothy nothing doing. A small sale of Flaxseed at $1,35 per bushel.

SPICES—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are dull at former rates. N. E. Rum commands 30c. Whiskey has advanced. Sales of 500 bbls at 22a23c, closing at 23c, and hhds at 22c.

SUGAR—The market has been very quiet during the past week, but prices remain without change.—The demand has been limited, and only 3a400 hhds New Orleans and Cuba have been disposed of at 4½a5c per lb, on time, including some on terms not made public.

TALLOW—The sales are limited at our former quotations.

TEAS—There has been a good demand for Black and Green Teas at full rates.

TOBACCO—The market is quiet, but prices are firm for both Leaf and Manufactured.

WINES—The sales have been only in small lots.

WOOL—There has been an increased demand for manufacturing, and prices are fully maintained. The sales foot up about 100,000 lbs at 32 up to 60c per lb, 6 mos, for unwashed and fine Ohio. Some lots of the new clip are coming forward.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool considerable engagements have been made at 2a2s 3d per bbl for Flour; 6a7d per bushel for Grain; 9 32a3 8d for Cotton, and 35s per ton for Bark. Colliers are in demand at $1,87½ per ton to Boston; $1,40 to Rhode Island, and $1,05 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, June 13.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,300 head. Beeves are selling from $7,50 to 9,50 per 100 lbs. Hogs are selling from $6,50 to 7,00 per 100 lbs. Cows—There were about 100 in market at prices ranging from $10 to 40. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2,50 to 5,00; the latter from $1,50 to 3,00, according to quality.

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ALMANAC.

June, 1853.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases. D. H. M.
18 Saturday,	4 35	7 25	11 29	
19 Sunday,	4 35	7 25	12 38	
20 Monday,	4 35	7 25	1 28	
21 Tuesday,	4 34	7 26	2 18	
22 Wednesday,	4 35	7 25	3 9	New 6 3 3
23 Thursday,	4 35	7 25	4 12	First 14 10 25
24 Friday,	4 35	7 25	5 11	Full 21 1 8
25 Saturday,	4 35	7 25	6 6	Last 28 1 33

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Thursday evening, 9th inst. by the Rev. Jos. F. Berg, D. D., JOHN B. KOONS, to FANNIE E. WRIGHT, daughter of Joseph Wright, Esq. all of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE MCGOWAN, to Miss EMMA WILK, both of this city.

On the 6th inst. by the same, Mr. PEARSON CRISSCHASE, of Nashville, Tenn. to Miss RACHEL JANE MAY, of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the same, Mr. DAVID WILLIAMS, to Miss SARAH ANN EMMITT, both of Chester county.

On the morning of the 9th inst. by the Rev. Wm Suddards, JACOB THOMAS, Jr. to KATE, daughter of Augustus Emerick, Esq. all of this city.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. J. L. Burrows, Mr. WILLIAM TILLER, to Miss MARTHA HAMILTON, adopted daughter of Geo. W. Donohue, Esq. all of Philadelphia.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. HENRY L. THOMAS, of Philadelphia, to DEBORAH ADA, daughter of Thomas Davis, of the city of Dublin.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. MILTON HARRINGTON, to Miss ELIZA A. SMITH.

At Mount Airy, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. John Rodney, SAMUEL HOOD, Esq. of Philadelphia, to ELLEN, daughter of James Gowen, Esq.

On the 6th inst. at the Church of the Epiphany, by the Rev. J. H. Fowles, EDWARD W. HEWITT, of N. York, to SARAH RALSTON, daughter of Isaac Prince, Esq.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Saml. M. Gayley, of Wilmington, Del. JOSEPH PALMER, of Del. county, Pa. to Miss HANNAH PALMER, of this city.

On the 30th Jan. last, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. ANDREW J. CREW, of Gloucester county, N. J. to Miss MARY A. YOUNG, of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Jas. Sewel, Mr. GEO. W. BONN, of Baltimore, Md. to Miss SARAH J. ANDERSON, of Southwark.

In Carlisle, Pa. on the 1st instant, by the Rev. Mr. Wing, Mr. JOHN ROBERTS, to Miss ELLEN C. CARNEY, all of that place.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. William B. Stevens, WILLIAM DAVIS, Jr. of Upper Merion, Pa. to Miss EMILY Y. EGBERT, of Lower Merion.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. F. Hodgson, JOSEPH RUSH, to Miss ADELIA FLAGG.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. J. F. Berg, Mr. WILLIAM W. STEWART, of Chicago, Ill., to Miss ANGELINE, daughter of Francis L. Stewart, of this city.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th inst. JACOB LEVERING, Esq. aged 65.
On the 7th inst. GEORGE W. BARTON, from Jacksonville, Florida, aged 40 years.
On the 8th inst. CHARLES C. son of B. Wyatt and [illegible]
On the 8th inst. JAMES GRIFFITH, son of John W. and Sarah Philips, aged 9 months.
On the 6th inst. Capt. CHARLES CARTY, aged 50.
On the 7th inst. GEORGE EHLER, aged 39 years.
On the 8th inst. Mr. WILLIAM FARREN.
On the 7th inst. Mrs. SUSANNAH LITTLE, aged 64.
On the 7th inst. JOSEPH E. WHITTAKER, aged 24.
On the 7th inst. ELIZABETH, wife of Daniel Green, aged 42 years.
On the 7th inst. JOHN BARNETT, aged 27 years.
On the 7th inst. Mr. WILLIAM WAY, aged 38.
On the 7th inst. LYDIA A. MATTHEWS, aged 33.
On the 7th inst. ELIZABETH CARSON, aged 53.
On the 7th inst. REBECCA, daughter of Wm. and Rebecca McGlinsey, aged 1 year.
On the 8th inst. JOHN MOORE, aged 80 years.
On the 7th inst. SARAH ELIZABETH, daughter of Edward and Ruth Gadsby, aged 2 years and 8 mos.
On the 7th inst. HUGH DOUGHERTY, aged 30.
On the 7th inst. PETER CLARK, aged 50 years.
On the 7th inst. OLIVER L. son of O. L. and Elizabeth A. Search, aged 18 months.
On the 6th inst. Mrs. SUSANNAH CLINE, daughter of the late Peter Roudenbush, aged 31 years.
On the 5th inst. Mrs. MARGARET RICE, aged 37.
On the 6th inst. SARAH A. daughter of Henry H. and Mary Jagoe, aged 3 years and 2 months.
On the 5th inst. Mrs. SILVIA BRAY, aged 62 years.
On the 6th inst. Mr. JOSEPH QUICKSALL, aged 59.
On the 5th inst. Mr. JOHN ROACH, aged 62 years.
On the 6th inst. MARGARET WATSON, aged 26.
On the 6th inst. at Mullica Hill, N. J., Mrs. ELIZABETH DARE, formerly of Cape May, N. J.
On the 6th instant, THOMAS J. LEONARD, aged 1 year.
On the 4th inst. Mrs. JOSEPH J. GIBSON.
On the 4th inst. CATHARINE T. RATHBUN.
On the 4th inst. Mr. THOMAS BRITTIN, aged 29.
At Easton, Pa. on the 7th inst. JOHN BOWAS, Esq.
On the 6th inst. Mr. JOHN BOYD, aged 65 years.
On the 7th inst. Mrs. ELIZA DAVIS.
On the 5th inst. EDWIN, son of Isaac and Amanda Hall, aged 2 years and 3 months.
On the 4th inst. Mr. JOHN SWITZER, aged 78.
On the 10th inst. in Haverford, Del. county, Pa. WILLIAM HORN, aged 82 years and 3 months.

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY I. CRAVEN & Co., BROKERS, *No. 32½ South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, June 18, 1853.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia Banks	par
U S Bank notes	18 dis
Harrisburg	½a1 dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Middletown	½ dis
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Washington co	½ dis
Honesdale	½ dis
Waynesburg	½ dis
Erie	1 dis
All other solv'nt Bks	par
Relief notes	½a1 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Burlington, Medford, Salem, Bridgeton, Camd'n, Princeton, Bord'to'n Bkg Co	par
Plainfield	closed
State Bk Morris	do
Coml Bk Perth Amboy	do
Peoples Bk Patterson	do
N Hope Del Bridge Co	do
Yardleyville do	10 dis
New Brunswick	½ dis
Newark	½ dis
Morris co	½ dis
Middletown Point	½ dis
Orange	½ dis
Belvidere	½ dis
Rahway	½ dis
Dover	½ dis
All New Jersey secured by stocks	½ dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
Under 5's	¼ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral Bk	½ dis
Cecil co	½ dis
Frederick co	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington co	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Salisbury, Havre de Grace, Far & Millers	failed
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	par a½ dis
Solvent co bks	½ dis
James bk	25 dis
New Rochelle	30 dis
Far bk Onondaga	30 dis
MAINE.	
Mercan bk Bangor	1½ dis
All other solv'nt bks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent bks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis

CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Bk N Amer Seymour	½ dis
East Bk West Kill	90 dis
Woodbury bk	90 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Phenix b'k, Westerly, stolen notes	no sale
CANADA.	
Montreal	1½ dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & brch's	1 dis
Far Bk & brch's	1 dis
Valley Bk & brch's	1 dis
Ex Bk & brch's	1 dis
Wheeling	1 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
Bk St Mary's	25 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Country banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
OHIO.	
Bk of Wooster	60 dis
Bk of Norwalk	60 dis
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1 dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bk of Illinois	80 dis
State Bk do	70 dis
Good Free bks	1a3 dis
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
East Tennessee	80 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Gov't Stock bk	1 dis
All solvent banks	2 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
All banks	uncertain
TEXAS.	
Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston	

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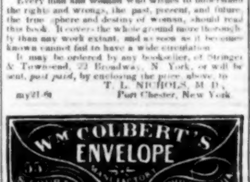

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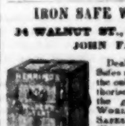

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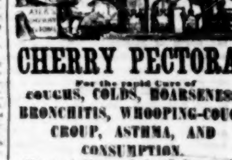

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This invaluable remedy for all diseases of the THROAT and LUNGS, has obtained a celebrity from its remarkable cures, never equalled by any other medicine before. Other preparations have shown themselves *palliatives,* and sometimes effected notable cures, but none has ever so fully won the confidence of every community where it is known. After years of trial in every climate, the results have indisputably shown it to possess a mastery over this dangerous class of diseases, which could not fail to attract the attention of physicians, patients, and the public at large.

See the statements, not of obscure individuals and from far distant places, but of men who are known and respected throughout the country.

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This letter is from the well known Druggist at Hillsdale, Michigan, one of the largest dealers in the State; and this case is from his own observation.

HILLSDALE, MICH., Dec. 10, 1849.

Dear Sir: Immediately on receipt of your CHERRY PECTORAL, I carried a bottle to an acquaintance of mine who was thought to be near his end with quick consumption. He was then unable to rise from his bed, and was extremely feeble. His friends believed he must soon die, unless relief could be obtained for him, and I induced them to give your excellent medicine a trial. I immediately left town for three weeks, and you may judge of my surprise on my return, to meet him in the street on my way home from the cars, and find he had entirely recovered. Four weeks from the day he commenced taking your medicine, he was at work at his ordinary trade of a blacksmith.

There are other cases within my knowledge, where the CHERRY PECTORAL has been singularly successful, but none so marked as this.

Very truly yours, G. W. UNDERWOOD.

Hear the Patient.

Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell—Dear Sir: Feeling under obligations to you for the restoration of my health, I send you a report of my case, which you are at liberty to publish for the benefit of others. Last Autumn I took a cold, accompanied by a severe cough, and made use of many medicines without obtaining relief. I was obliged to give up business, frequently raised blood, and could get no sleep at night. A friend gave me a bottle of your CHERRY PECTORAL, the use of which I immediately commenced according to directions. I have just purchased the fifth bottle, and am nearly recovered. I now sleep well, my cough has ceased, and all by the use of your valuable medicine.
E. S. STONE, A. M.,
Principal Mt. Hope Seminary.

HANOVER, OHIO, April 3, 1850.

Dear Sir: I wish I could tell all that suffer with a cough, what your CHERRY PECTORAL has done for me. It does seem they might be benefitted by the information. I had a long fever which left my lungs weak and inflamed. Being very feeble and unable to gain strength at all, my friends thought I must soon sink in consumption. I had no appetite, and a dreadful cough was fast wearing me away. I began to take your beautiful medicine, by the advice of a clergyman, who had seen its effects before. It eased my cough at first, and gave me rest at night. In less than a fortnight I could eat well, and my cough had ceased to be troublesome, my appetite returned, and my food nourished me, which soon restored my strength. Now, after five weeks, I am well and strong, with no other help than your Cherry Pectoral!
Yours, with respect, JULIA DEAN.

I hereby certify that the above statement of my wife is in conformity with my own views of her case and her cure by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
JOSEPH DEAN.

The above named Joseph Dean and Julia, his wife, are personally known to me, and implicit confidence may be placed in their statement.
SAMUEL C. VAN DERWENT,
Pastor of the Baptist Church.

PREPARED BY J. C. AYER, CHEMIST, LOWELL, MASS.

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A LADY CURED OF ASTHMA, AFTER TWENTY YEARS SUFFERING BY THE USE OF HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—The Wholesale Agent for the sale of Holloway's Pills in New South Wales, alludes, in a letter to Professor Holloway, to several extraordinary cures of Asthma, effected in that Colony, by the use of these invaluable Pills, and to one case in particular,—that of a lady residing near a hill named the Razorback, who, after having for twenty years been afflicted with great difficulty of breathing, and unable, in consequence, to bear the slightest exertion, at last used this remedy, and is now, to use her own expression, able to run up to the top of that high hill.

Sold by all the vendors of medicine throughout the British Empire and United States, in pots and boxes, at 37½ cts., 87½ cts., and $1 50 each; wholesale by D. KNIGHT, 7 South Sixth St., Philadelphia, and by the proprietor, 244 Strand, London. eow-1y

Selected Articles.

THE ARABIAN HORSE.

The beauty, intelligence and power of Arabian horses, have furnished a theme for many travellers. The breed is doubtless of great antiquity, and has probably been cultivated for a longer period than any other. It has been thought, and not without reason, that the writer of the sublime description of the war-horse, in the book of Job, must have had in his mind's eye an animal corresponding in character, to the high-bred Arabian. The Prophet Habakkuk described the horses of the Chaldeans as "swifter than the leopards, and more fierce than the evening wolves." Some idea of the kind of horses thus alluded to, may be obtained from the sculptured figures of those animals found among the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, accurate copies of which have been given us by Mr. Layard and others engaged in the examination of those relics of antiquity; and the resemblance in the general outline of those figures of the ancient Assyrian and Chaldean horses with the present Arabian, is striking. Although the qualities of the Arabian have been frequently spoken of, we find in the late work of Mr. Layard, many new and interesting facts relative to this noble animal.

Mr. Layard, as well as other travellers, inform us that the Arabs divide their thorough-bred horses into five branches or families, which some declare are descended from the five favorite mares of Mahomet. The names of these families vary, however, among different tribes. These five families are termed the *Kamse;* and an intelligent Arab chief informed Mr. Layard that there was only one family of celebrated horses in the Desert, that could not be traced to this source. The prices demanded and paid for these horses are enormous.

Many recollect the challenge sent a few years since by the Viceroy of Egypt to the English sportsmen, to run a certain number of horses a long distance—twenty miles, if we rightly remember. After considerable parley, the English declined the offer. Mr. Layard states that the Viceroy had sent agents in all parts of the Desert to purchase the best horses. As high as £1,000 each ($5,000) was paid for some mares; and in one case no less than £1,200 ($6,000) was offered and refused for a particular mare. During Mr. L.'s residence in the Desert, he saw several of those fine horses purchased for the Viceroy; and he says, "Had the Pasha's challenge been accepted, the best blood in Arabia would have been matched against the English races."

It will be seen from the following extract that Mr. Layard doubts whether any Arab of the best blood has ever been taken to England, and if the English have not obtained such, there is less probability of their ever having been brought to America. He thinks that most of the horses which have been obtained in the East, were crosses between the Arabian and the Turkish, or Persian races, which were originally of a very different character from the genuine Arabian. It will be noticed also, that the best Arab horses are what some of our horse-breeders would call small—rarely reaching 15 hands in height. But it is well to note the fact, in this connection, that the English and American horses most noted for their value in improving the race, as well as for their powers of endurance when tried at long distances, have seldom exceeded this height.

"The Arab horse is more remarkable for its exquisite symmetry and beautiful proportions, with wonderful powers of endurance, than for extraordinary speed. I doubt whether any Arab of the best blood has ever been brought to England. The difficulty of obtaining them is so great that they are scarcely ever seen beyond the limits of the Desert. Their color is generally white, light or dark gray, light chesnut and bay, with white or black feet. Black is exceedingly rare, and I never remember to have seen dun, sorrel or dapple. I refer, of course, to the true-bred Arab, and not to the Turcoman or to Kurdish or Turkish races, which are a cross between the Arab and Persian.

"Their average height is from 14 hands to 14½, rarely reaching 15; I have only seen one mare that exceeded it. Notwithstanding the smallness of their stature, they often possess great strength and courage. I was credibly informed that a celebrated mare of the Manekia breed, now dead, carried two men in chain armor beyond the reach of their Aneyza pursuers. [Mr. L. states that the Aneyza and Shammar tribes have the best horses.] But their most remarkable and valuable quality is the power of performing long and arduous marches upon the smallest possible allowance of food and water. It is only the mare of the wealthy Bedouin that gets even a regular feed of about twelve handfuls of barley, or of rice in the husk, once in twenty-four hours. During the spring alone, when the pastures are green, the horses of the Arabs are sleek and beautiful in appearance. At other times they get nothing but the withered herbs and scanty hay gathered from the parched soil, and are lean and unsightly. They are never placed under cover during the intense heat of an Arabian summer, nor protected from the biting cold of the Desert winds in the winter. The saddle is rarely taken from their backs, nor are they ever cleaned or groomed. Thus apparently neglected, they are but skin and bone, and the townsman marvels at seeing an animal which he would scarcely take the trouble to ride home, valued almost beyond price. Although docile as a lamb, and requiring no other guide than the halter, when the Arab mare hears the war-cry of her tribe, and sees the quivering spear of her rider, her eyes glitter with fire, her blood-red nostrils wide open, her neck is nobly arched, and her mane and tail are raised and spread out to the wind. The Bedouin proverb says, that a high-bred mare when at full speed, should hide her rider between her neck and tail.

"The Arab horse has but two ordinary paces, a quick and easy walk, sometimes averaging between four and five miles an hour, and half running canter. The Bedouin rarely puts his mare to full speed unless pursued or pursuing. In racing, the Arabs, and indeed the Easterns in general, have no idea that the weight carried by the rider makes any difference."

Some of the customs observed by the Arabs in regard to horses taken in war, are given as follows:

"Whenever a horse falls into the hands of an Arab, his first thought is how to ascertain its descent. If the owner be dismounted in battle, or if he be even about to receive his death blow from the spear of his enemy, he will frequently exclaim, 'Fellan' (such a one) the mare that fate has given to you, is of noble blood.'" He then describes her breed, and tells who owned and rode her dam. "Nor will a lie," says Mr. Layard, "come from the mouth of a Bedouin as to the race of his mare. He is proud of her noble qualities, and will testify to them as he dies. After a battle or foray, the tribes who have taken horses from the enemy will send an envoy to ask their breed, and a person so chosen passes from tent to tent unharmed, hearing from each man as he eats his bread, the descent and qualities of the animal he may have lost."

The attachment of the Arab to his horse, is only equalled by his observance of the rules of hospitality. Strangers must be entertained in an appropriate manner at almost any sacrifice. Mr. Layard refers to a story still current among the tribes of the Desert. A Sheikh was owner of a matchless mare, whose fame had reached the Greek Emperor. Ambassadors were sent from Constantinople to ask the mare of the chief, and to offer any amount of gold in return. When they announced after dining, the object of their embassy, it was found, that the tribe suffering from a grievous famine, and having nothing to offer their guests, the generous Hatem had slain his own priceless mare to entertain them!—*Boston Cultivator.*

FIRE IN ITALY THE GOVERNMENT'S AFFAIR.—The Eclectic Magazine translates from M. Ampere's "Promenade en Amerique," that savant's account of his visit to New York. We were much amused at this passage:

"Nothing shows better the difference between a Government where the people are everything and one where they are a mere cipher, than the earnestness of these firemen, and all other citizens, compared with the indifference shown by the modern Romans under similar circumstances; of which Mr. Bunsen related a singular instance when I was in Rome. One night, while walking near the Forum, a place of interest to savans like himself, he saw that a fire had taken place in a street full of barns, which for this reason was called Fenili. Mr. Bunsen called to a man sitting by his window, looking quietly at the barn on fire. After some trouble he engaged the man to go and give the alarm; but he could not understand why Mr. Bunsen should be so interested about it, and asked if he was a relative of widow ———, whose barn was on fire. While our Prussian diplomatist was still on the alert, near the Capitol, for assistance at the fire, he met three countrymen walking by moonlight, and asked them if they had seen nothing? One of them stopped, and answered, very quietly, 'There—that's the fire we saw half an hour ago.' 'What' said Mr. Bunsen, 'you saw the fire, and there you are yet.' 'Oh! sir,' said the other, 'that's a Government affair.'"

There is matter for a variety of reflection in this anecdote.

Selected Poetry.

GALGANO.

A TALE OF GIOVANNI FIORENTINO.

[This is a fine poem, whoever is the author. It reminds us of Lowell. We find it in "Putnam's."—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

You will not see in many lands,
A region that is so divine
As that which, from the Appenine,
Studded with hamlet, tower and town,
Sweeps in long undulations down
To the Maremma and the sea.
And in its midst Siena stands,
With all its busy hearts and hands,
The home of love and gallantry.

Within that city, rich and fair,
Once dwelt the lady of my story,
The wife of good Count Salvatore,
In their palazzo on the square.
But he was older than became
The husband of so young a dame;
And she was known through all the land
For the rare beauty of her hand,
And bore the name of Bella Mano.
This hand it was that almost crazed
A youth, whom all men loved and praised,
The noble, handsome, rich Galgano.

They both were young, they both were fair,
And love, whose presence, like the air,
Unseen by all, is everywhere,
Was mingled with the breath of May,
So mingled, it was hard to say
Which was the air, and which was love,
And he inhaled it day by day!

At tourneys and at joustings gay,
Upon his helmet, as a crest,
He wore her delicate, small glove,
That filled his brain with subtile flame,
And fired him with the love of fame.
But when the noisy banquet came,
And he concealed it in his vest,
It seemed as if her hand were pressed
Upon his palpitating heart,
And, sitting silent and apart,
He drank unto himself her name!

They both were fair, they both were young,
And every whisper, every word,
That from her lovely lips he heard,
Seemed to his ear less said than sung.
But she was distant, she was cold,
And he, not being over-bold,
Walked evermore in humble guise,
And hardly dared to lift his eyes
To her, who thus his life controlled;
For she, Siena's pride and glory,
Over each act kept watch and ward,
And, loyal to her wedded lord,
Smiled only on old Salvatore.

A league beyond the city's gate
Lay the fair lands of his estate,
Embracing in their ample arms
Dark woods and pleasant Tuscan farms.
And yearly to those green retreats
The husband and the wife went down,
Leaving, with all the summer heats
Of blazing square and stifled streets,
Galgano in the empty town.

Once, when the day was nearly done,
And from the West the level sun
Struck the white towns of Tuscany,
And, slowly sinking down the sea,
Filled the whole atmosphere with gold,—
In his vast mansion, gray and old,
Once at this hour Count Salvatore
Stood with the lady of his love,
And gazed upon the golden glory
Of land below and sky above.

And by the window as they stood,
A youth came riding through the wood,
Bearing a falcon in his hand,
That hid beneath a crimson hood
Its eye of anger and command,
And as it pecked with crooked bill
In answer to its lord's caresses,
The Milan bells upon its jesses
Tinkled a moment, and were still.
It was Galgano; and the Count
Went forth and greeted him, and pressed
That from his steed he would dismount,
And be that night, at least, their guest.
To this Galgano answered nay;
He was in haste, he could not stay.
But Salvatore, with much grace,
Still urged, and would not be denied;
And still, like one pre-occupied,
And wholly bent upon the chase,
Galgano, with a burning face,
And downcast, troubled, restless eye,
Put his entreaties softly by,
As in a grove one puts aside
The branches that impede his way.
So he rode on, and would not stay.

Musing awhile the old man stood,
Then left the shadow of the wood,
And crossed the sunshine on the lawn,
And climbed the gleaming marble stair,
And disappeared within the door,
Pacing along the oaken floor,
With thoughtful, meditative air,
To seek that lovely lady fair,
Who from the window had withdrawn.
Then he discoursed with liberal tongue
Of his dear friend, so brave and young,
And could not cease, but more and more
Counted his rare perfections o'er,
And seemed to seek a thousand ways
To magnify Galgano's praise.
To this the lady scarce replied;
Indeed, she did not care to speak;
But once, half-audibly she sighed,
And once she turned away to hide
The blush she felt upon her cheek.

Then even as he spake, they heard
The screams of an affrighted bird,
And from the window they beheld
A falcon, with his jesses belled,
Out of a neighboring thicket soar.
Three circles in the air—no more—
He made, with such a sweeping wing,
It seemed a pleasure, not a toil;
Then, like a serpent from his coil,
Or like a stone hurled from a sling,
Down on his prey he came, and tore
Its bosom, so that drops of gore
Fell heavy on the glossy leaves,
As rain-drops from the dripping eaves;
And, with ensanguined beak and feather,
Through the great dome of foliage dark,
Upon the greensward of the park,
Victor and victim fell together!

And all that Salvatore said,
When he perceived the bird was dead,
And saw the gallant falcon spurn
His lifeless quarry, and return,
Soaring above the garden wall,
Unto his master's distant call,
All that he said was simply this:
"It is Galgano's hawk, I wis,
And much each other they resemble!"
But Salvatore did not see
His gentle lady suddenly
Grow pale, and close her eyes, and tremble.

Ah, strange caprice of human will!
We struggle blindly, but at length
A strength that's greater than our strength,
Or is our weakness seeming so,
Impels us onward to fulfil
Our destiny of weal or woe!
That falcon wounded more than one!
And from the setting of that sun,
The luckless lady Bella Mano
With wayward passion loved Galgano;—
Galgano, who, with hawk on wrist,
Rode onward through the rising mist
Along the great highway that downward
Ran winding through the valley townward
And led him, by its thread of white,
Through labyrinthine caves of night,
Until across the landscape brown
He saw the faint lights of the town,
And tower and belfry came in sight,
And through the gateway, dark and tall,
He entered the deserted street,
And heard the waters, soft and sweet,
Of Branda's fountain in their fall.
And now, in that old country seat,
Slow passed the days of drowsy heat,
And each one, as it came and went,
Still adding something to the store
Of that fair lady's discontent.
For though Galgano came no more,
Yet he was ever present there,
As he had bribed each gust of air
That flew across the flowery mead
To breathe his name, and urge his prayer,
And with the lady intercede.

At length—it was a luckless day—
It chanced, that on some State affair
Old Salvatore went away,
And left her, restless and alone,
In that great sombre house of stone.
But when the lonely day was spent,
And lonelier night was drawing near,
Her restlessness and discontent
Assumed the guise of love and fear;
And to Galgano's house she sent
A messenger of trust, to say
She had been waiting all that day,
And that her heart at last relented,
And that Galgano was her fate!
But ere he reached the garden gate,
The lady's fickle soul repented,
And she recalled him, but too late
And then she said in vain 't would be
Longer to thwart her destiny!

So said Galgano, when he heard
The lady's soft and gracious word,
And, scarce believing it, with speed
He mounted on his fleetest steed,
And forth into the country spurred,
And reached the dark arcade of limes
Just as the neighboring convent bells
Called the pale sisters from their cells,
With melancholy, midnight chimes.
The house was dark, and still, and lonely,
And at one chamber window only
A light illumed the curtained panes;
And, drawing back each bolt and bar,
An unseen hand undid the chains,
And set the portal valves ajar.
He entered the long corridor,
Darkness around him and before;
No sound he made, no word he spoke,
But, guided by the hand unseen,
Ascended the broad stairs of oak,
And passed alone, out of the night,
Into that chamber full of light,
Of light and loveliness serene!
And as he entered, from her place,
In garments whiter than the snow,
And motion neither quick nor slow,
But full of dignity and grace,
The lady rose to his embrace,
And on his shoulder hid her face,
So that her eyes he could not see,
And murmured in a voice that seemed
Not what he heard, but what he dreamed,
"Welcome, a thousand, thousand times!"
And from the neighboring nunnery
Loud rang the mournful midnight chimes.

Then sat they fondly side by side,
And much they questioned and replied,
And much Galgano wished to know
What had o'ercome the lady's pride,
And changed her and subdued her so.
And she related the whole story;
The story of that summer day,
When he rode down the woodland way,
And, though entreated, would not stay,
And of the falcon and its flight,
And how her husband, Salvatore,
Spoke of him with so much delight,
With so much love and tenderness,
And placed his name so far above
All others, that she could no less
Than listen, and, in listening, love!

And then upon his hand she laid
Her own, that seemed a thing divine,
And in a gentle whisper said,
"Galgano, I am wholly thine!"
But suddenly a sense of guilt
Pierced his sad bosom through and through,
Even as a sword, thrust to the hilt
By some athletic hand, might do.
And, moved by a sublime decision,
He said, in tones of deep contrition,
"May God forbid that I defame
Old Salvatore's honored name,
And pay his noble trust in me
By any act of infamy!"
Then with the instinct of despair
He rushed into the open air!
And homeward riding, through the night,
He felt a wild but sweet delight
Pervade his breast, with thoughts of peace,
And gratitude for his release,
And joy in triumph of the right!
And from that hour his soul assumed
A nobler attitude and gesture,
And walked with royal look and vesture,
And not as one outcast and doomed!

Putnam's Magazine.

Wit and Humor.

SELECTIONS FROM THE ENGLISH DOGGEREL.—*A Rash Speculation.*—We see advertised a "Temperance Line of Packets from London to Australia." This, of course, will never answer; for no emigrants wishing to reach their destination, would think of going by vessels in which nobody can get even "half sea, over."

A Suit "in error."—Proposing, and being rejected.

The True Type of Progress.—Printing type.

Generally Admitted.—Of all the objects in our metropolis, we believe foreigners and strangers are unanimous in considering hotel-keepers and cabmen the most *imposing.*

Motto for a Lawyer's Brief-Bag.—Mulct him in parvo.

Hobson's Choice.—Mrs. Hobson, of course!

Very Wrong.—When a man loses his wife he cries, "A lass! a lass!"

"Queries to an Octogenarian."—Did you ever know a "plain cook" who had not formed an "attachment?"

Did you ever know a newspaper correspondent who did not commence with, "Allow me, through the medium of your widely-spread journal?"

Did you ever hear a man "return thanks" without saying he was "unaccustomed to public speaking," or it was "the proudest moment of his life?"

Did you ever see the umbrella again, which you lent for "only ten minutes?"

Did you ever see a number of the Illustrated News, without a fire, a ship-launch, or a testimonial in it?

Did you ever know a dog that was not the wonder of his species, and of the civilized world in general?

Did you ever see a local newspaper without a "Shower of Frogs" or a "Terrific Hail-storm?"

Did you ever get beaten by a good billiard-player without his telling you, if it hadn't been for the "flukes" and the run of luck" he had, you would have thrashed him easily?

Did you ever get a bottle of good wine at a public dinner?

Did you ever see a History of England without the frontispiece being either, "John signing Magna Charta," or "Alfred in the Neat Herd's Cot?"

Lastly, as a regular "clencher," did you ever ... "Hamlet" ... [illegible]

JEDEDIAH SEES THE SIAMESE TWINS.—After dickering some time with the long-legged door-keeper, Jedediah Homespun spent a quarter to see the Siamese Twins. Looking at the curious pair for some time, Jed exploded—

"How long you fellers been in that are kind of hitch?"

"Forty-two years," was Eng's reply.

"Du tell! Gittin' kind o' used to it, I calculate, ain't you?"

"We ought to be," said they.

"Yes, I vow you ought. You fellers b'long to the same church—'spect you do?"

"Yes, indeed," said Chang.

"Want to know! Well, I swan, you air hitched queer," said Jed, minutely examining the ligature. "One of yeou fellers dies, t'other feller'll be in a pucker, I reckon."

"Would be bad," said Chang.

"Don't drink nothin', I guess. Ever go in to swim?"

"Sometimes," said they.

After gazing at them a few minutes in silence, Jed again explodes—

"Look here, 'spose one of yeou fellers got into a scrape, and was about to be put in jail, how'd you manage that?"

"Oh," says Eng, "I go Chang's bail!"

"Oh, yes, could do that, by hokey!"

And Jedediah, having exhausted his cross-examination, went off whistling, giving a fresh lot of examiners room to put the Twins through a course of similar sprouts.

A SITUATION.—Two young officers were travelling in the far West, when they stopped to take supper at a small road-side tavern, kept by a very rough Yankee woman. The landlady, in a calico sun-bonnet, and bare feet, stood at the head of the table to pour out. She inquired of her guests "if they chose long sweetening or short sweetening in their coffee." The first officer, supposing that "long sweetening" meant a large portion of that article, chose it accordingly. What was his dismay when he saw their hostess dip her finger deep down into an earthen jar of honey that stood near her, and then stir it (the finger) round in the coffee. His companion, seeing this, preferred "short sweetening." Upon which the woman picked up a large lump of maple sugar that lay in a brown paper on the floor beside her, and biting off a piece, put it into his cup. Both the gentlemen dispensed with coffee that evening. This anecdote we heard from the sister of one of those officers.—*Miss Leslie.*

ELOQUENCE.—During an address delivered by a young orator, in a debating society, the speaker attempting to describe the beauties of nature, and touching upon the scenes of a thunder-storm he had witnessed once upon a time, his fountain of eloquence could no longer withhold itself, and he burst forth in the following strain:—"Why, I tell you, Mr. President, the roaring of the thunder was heard far and wide, and reminded those who heard it of the clattering of the hoofs of so many wild horses crossing a bridge over a creek where the little fishes were seen skipping about from puddle to puddle—the lightnings flashed and flashed, every now and then the whole heavens looked as though it was *lighted up with tallow candles, and then all snuffed!"*

RESPECT FOR THE SABBATH.—The Elmira Republican says:—"A singular case of conscientious scruples was manifested by a son of the Green Isle, who was united in the bonds of matrimony on Sunday last, by Thomas Maxwell, Esq. After the ceremony, as the happy pair were about retiring, the bride remarked to the husband—'Sure, you'll not go without paying the Squire.' To which he responded—'Hush, Biddy, darlin', it wouldn't be dacent to pay the Squire on the howly Sabbath—I'll call to-morrow.' As he hasn't called yet, it is presumed that time is an 'Eternal Sabbath' with him."

AN ABSENT WITNESS.—A law student in this State relates the following anecdote. A negro, who had brought an action against his wife, at a Court in Concord, was asked, after the examination of some testimony, whether he had any more witnesses?

"Yes," he replied, "I got one more."

"Well, why don't you call him on?"

"Cause he *dead, sir.*"

PRETTY GOOD.—We like the reply amazingly a *gentleman* once made to a blustering fellow who had told him he was no gentleman.

"Are you a gentleman?" asked the former.

"Yes, I am."

"Then," coolly remarked the other, "I am very glad I am not."—*N. O. Delta.*

City Scenes.

THE SUMMER TOUR.

"My dear, do be reasonable. How can I, with only eight dollars a week, send you to Cape May for a month? What did you say? Niagara Falls would do. Why, board there is two dollars a day, and bad at that. Won't a trip over the river next Sunday ———" *Exit wife, indignantly.*

OVERDOING IT.—A well known Methodist minister who was travelling on horseback through the State of Massachusetts, stopped one noon on a sultry Summer's day at a cottage by the road-side, and requested some refreshment for himself and beast. This was readily granted by the worthy New England dame, so the parson dismounted, and, having seen his horse well cared for, entered the cottage and partook of the refreshment which was cheerfully placed before him. For some time past there had been no rain, and the country around seemed literally parched up. The minister entered into conversation with the old lady, and remarked about the dryness of the season. "Yes," she replied, "unless we have rain soon, all my beets, cucumbers and cabbages will be good for nothing, and I think that all the ministers ought to pray for rain." The worthy divine informed her that he was a minister, and that he should be happy to comply with her wish. He accordingly knelt down and prayed fervently that the gates of Heaven might be opened, that showers might descend and refresh the earth. He then arose from his knees, and having kindly thanked his hostess, bade her good day, mounted his horse and departed. But he had not been gone more than an hour when the clouds began to gather and a tremendous shower of hail and rain descended, and with such force as to wash the contents of the old lady's garden clear out of the ground. "There," said she, "that is always the way with those tarnal Methodist, they never undertake to do anything, but they always overdo it."

LAMB AND DUCKEY.—A toy-seller, who had recently taken to himself a wife, was exceedingly tender to her in epithet; his frequent address was, "My lamb." One day a little, dirty-faced boy asked for a toy, and the busy toy-seller said:

"My lamb, serve that boy, please."

The boy was served, and went away, but soon returned to have his toy changed. The toy-seller doubted whether it was bought at his shop, and said:

"Who served thee?"

The lad replied:

"It wor t'*lamb*, sir."

The toy-seller blushed, exchanged the toy, and, for the future addressed his wife as if she were a rational creature.

JUST DISCRIMINATION.—*Little Boy*, whose appetite is refreshed by passing a confectioner's—"Ma, I'm hungry, I are!"

Affectionate, but Firm Parent—"You shall have some bread and butter when we get home, Charley."

Little Boy—"I ain't hungry for bread and butter; I'm hungry for candy!"—*Lantern.*

Miscellaneous.

A SECOND SOLOMON.

A certain Mahomedan woman, of respectable family, resided at Peshawur at the time that General Avitabelli was Governor of the place. This woman had a son and a daughter, both married, and the daughter and daughter-in-law gave birth, at the same time, to two children, one a boy, the other a girl. The circumstance gave a great deal of occupation to the mothers of the sick ladies. They were now become grandmothers, and many visits were exchanged in consequence of the important events that had occurred in their families. Some time had passed over, the young mothers were again in perfect health, when a serious dispute arose between them. The daughter's child was a girl, that of the daughter-in-law a boy. The former maintained that the boy was hers, and had been taken from her, and given to her sister-in-law. The woman accused of having stolen the boy denied the charge, and she was supported in her declaration by her husband's mother. The strife became serious, and the contending parties brought the affair before the Judge. This magistrate, who was no Solomon, not being able to elicit the truth, dismissed the complainants. The latter were not satisfied, and appealed to the high court in which General Avitabelli presided. The case was brought before him as he sat in the divan. Public curiosity was strained to the highest pitch, and each eagerly asked his neighbor: "How will the Judge decide?" The statements on both sides having been gone through, General Avitabelli ordered two goats to be brought, one having a male, the other a female kid. This being done, he sent for two sheep that had each a lamb, one a male, the other a female. In like manner, he commanded two cows to be brought, of which one had a male, the other a female calf. These different quadrupeds being introduced, he ordered that the goats, the sheep, and the cows should be milked, and the milk of each animal placed in a separate vessel, which should be marked. "Now," said the General, "let this milk be examined, and it will be found that that which belongs to the animals which have male young is stronger than the milk which has been taken from the others." Upon inspection, this was found to be correct. "Now," said the Judge, "bring me some milk from the mothers of the children." The milk was brought, and General Avitabelli declared that the milk of the daughter was stronger than that of the daughter-in-law, and that, consequently, she must be the mother of the boy.—*Schonberg's Travels in India.*

THE POOR GENIUS.

Notwithstanding the expressed sympathy of the world for genius in rags and garrets, we are just hard-hearted enough to have no pity for any such condition, because poverty is neither the natural nor necessary consequence of being super-excellently blessed by nature with a sensitive organization, or lofty intellect. We maintain no man possesses a superior genius who is not perfectly aware of the fact; his modesty is displayed in not everlastingly intruding it upon those who are thrown in his path. It is this very knowledge of his superiority which often disarms his energy, and makes him rely too much upon its power to obtain even the means of life. The self-reliance so often exhibited by men of genius, is another evidence of the consciousness of power. They are almost all procrastinators, and often defer a work which would yield profit and distinction, either until the last moment, or it is altogether too late, because they think they can accomplish it at any time they may condescend to commence the labor. We have known a great many poor geniuses in the course of our life, but few, if any, whose poverty we could not trace to the lack of energy and promptitude in themselves. Well might Farmer Ashland advise Henry not to take the horse Genius from the stable, for he was the laziest in the lot.—Savage, the poet, Moreland, the painter, both ended their lives in the most abject poverty—and why? They were both deficient in moral courage and energy. The world was willing to "bend the pliant hinges of the knee" in acknowledgment of their genius, but they thought the world should have gone a little further, put clothes on their backs, and food into their mouths, and, for aught we know, expected it ready digested. If men will insist upon not putting their talents to any practical use, or thrusting ware upon the world which the world does not want, they have no right to go whining about and condemning the public as being indifferent to the claims of talent. The world is ready enough to recognize and support intrinsic talent when it is made applicable to the world's uses; and, for our own part, we are rather glad that its demands are severe enough to require the man of genius to put his horses in training to draw some useful goods to the general mart.—*N. O. Delta.*

WHAT IS FAME?

T. A. D. Fessenden, Esq., relates the following amusing anecdote, which, we think, presents a striking illustration of Byron's remark, that "glory consisted in being shot in battle, and having one's name reported wrong in the dead and wounded list."

He was conversing with some gentlemen a short time since, and a remark was dropped relative to the uncertainty of life, when an individual standing by said—

"That puts me in mind of what that old fellow said, who died the other day, out back somewhere. I saw it in a paper. Strange I can't think of his name."

"What did he say?" asked F.

"Well, I can't think just what he said: 'twas something about life though. Don't you know his name? If I could only think of it now, you'd remember what it was he said."

"What sort of a man was he?" continued F.

"Well, he was considerable of a man, and he made some talk when he died. Seems to me he lived somewhere out in Massachusetts?"

"Do you know whereabouts in Massachusetts?"

"Well, seems to me 'twant far from Boston. He was a man that used to keep the first rate of stock on his farm, I've heard. There, it is strange I can't think of his name. You've heard of him a dozen times afore in your life."

"Was it Webster?"

"Oh! Webster—that's it. Yes, Webster—*General* Webster. Strange I didn't think of it sooner. '*I ain't dead yet*'—that's what he said."

Neither the solemnity of the subject, nor the grave import of the words really uttered by the departed statesman, could restrain the risibles of those present, and a sudden shattering of waistbands followed this striking illustration of the vanity of human greatness.

The above reminds us of an anecdote of memory, related by John Van Buren, the Prince. John was, one summer's day, when politics were dead and the weather warm, enjoying himself in the interior of New York, by a comfortable ride in the cars, John had been troubled for several days with the misfortune of losing his hat at every hotel where he stopped, and to avoid the necessity of every day purchasing a new Beebe, he had attached his card, bearing in large letters, "John Van Buren," just above Beebe's mark.

The heat of the day, combined with the dust of the travelling, had somewhat fatigued the Prince, who, placing his hat beside him, was about disposing himself for a comfortable snooze, when his attention was called to a tall, lean countryman who was peering very intently upon the Prince's hat.

Backward and forward walked the stranger, and looking at the hat as if he would pierce it with his gimblet eyes; after some time he screwed up his courage and addressed the Prince.

"Ahem—are you—is your name Frederick Van Buren?"

"No," replied the Prince, "my name is John."

"Oh, perhaps you are Frederick's son?"

"No," said the Prince, calmly.

"Don't you know Frederick?"

"No, I do not."

"To what family of Van Burens do you belong to?"

"To one of the Eastern families."

"What is your father's name?"

"Martin," said the Prince.

"Martin Van Buren," was the drawled reply. "I don't know Martin, but I know Frederick."

A CHAPTER FOR NICE OLD FARMERS.

Can anybody tell why country people so universally and pertinaciously persist in living in the *rear of the house?* Can anybody tell why the front door and windows are never opened, save on the Fourth of July and at Thanksgiving time? Why Zedekiah, and Timothy, and Jonathan, and the old farmer himself, must go *round* the house, in order to get *into* it? why the whole family (oblivious of six empty rooms,) take their "vapor bath," and their meals, simultaneously, in the vicinity of a red hot cooking range, in the dog days? Why the village artist need paint the roof, and spout, and window frames bright crimson, and the doors the color of a mermaid's tresses? Why the detestable sun-flower (which I can never forgive "Tom Moore" for noticing) must always flaunt in the garden? Why the ungraceful prim poplar, fit emblem of a stiff old bachelor, is preferred to the swaying elm, or drooping willow, or majestic horse-chesnut?

I should like to pull down the green paper window-curtains, and hang up some of snowy muslin. I should like to throw wide open the hall door, and let the South wind play through. I should like to go out into the woods, and collect fresh, sweet, wild flowers to arrange in a vase, in place of those defunct dried grasses, and old maid "everlastings." I should like to show Zodekiah how to nail together some bits of board for an embryo lounge; I should like to stuff it with cotton, and cover it with a neat "patch." I should like to cushion the chairs after the same fashion. Then I should like, when the white-haired old farmer came panting up the road at twelve o'clock, with his scythe hanging over his arm, to usher him into that cool, comfortable room; set his bowl of bread and milk before him, and after he had discussed it, coax him (instead of tilting back on the hind legs of a hard chair) to take a ten minutes' nap on my "model" sofa, while I kept my eye on the clouds, to see that no thunder shower played the mischief with his hay.

I should like to place a few common sense, practical books on the table, with some of our fine daily and weekly papers. You may smile; but these inducements, and the comfortable and pleasant air of the apartment would bring the family oftener together after the day's toil; by degrees they would lift the covers of the books, and turn over the newspapers. Constant interchange of thought, feeling and opinion, with discussions of the important and engrossing questions of the day, would of course necessarily follow.

The village tavern-keeper would probably frown upon it; but I will venture to predict for the inmates of the farm-house a growing love for home, and an added air of intelligence and refinement, of which they themselves might possibly be unconscious.—*Fanny Fern—Olive Branch.*

SENSIBLE REMARKS.—The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher in his remarks at the anniversary of the Five Points Mission, said:—When Christ went where there were sick He healed them; where there was actual want He created bread, and came down to their physical condition. Take the Gospel in the miserable outcasts of our city, and no man can preach it, unless he does more. It is as though he made a mark in the sand, and the first tide washes it away. Preach the Gospel, and the hunger of the man makes him forget it. There is a great deal more Gospel in a loaf of bread sometimes, than in an old dry sermon. If I go to a man and bring to him in his want ever so much philosophy, he will not hear it; if I come down to him and bring him bread, and clothes, and medicine, this will give him a correct idea of the Gospel—one which he can appreciate and understand.

HOW VERDI COMPOSES.—When Verdi has an opera to compose, he waits patiently until the midnight bell has tolled. He then enters his study, in which there is a piano placed between a big drum and cymbals, and seating himself at the piano, he first bangs the drum on the right hand, then crashes the cymbals on the left hand, then thumps the piano in the midst, and while the air is reverberating with the mingled sounds, he commences the first chorus. This is the way Verdi composes. Can anybody have a doubt on the subject?

SMALL TALK OF THE CABIN.

Folding up our spectacles, let us listen awhile to the cross-fire of conversation from the groups, large and small, that hover around us. Idioms of speech, local phrases and illustrations, which display our national peculiarities, are worthy the notice of our wisest.

"Sir, in all the great enterprises of my life, when I undertook a matter *alone*, I always succeeded; when I accepted a partner, I always failed."

"And did I understand you, sir, that you have children in your family?" This latter is a palpable hit from the professor of witticism, and the laugh which follows it has annihilated the fat, pompous fool, whose pride provoked the inquiry.

"A portrait painter recognizes the schoolboy maxim, that an *i* (eye) is nothing unless dotted."

"It is a question in my mind whether a public speaker, who wishes to effect any important end, *should* adapt his language to the lowest comprehension. A little profundity, or the appearance of it, often influences the vulgar even more than an argument which they can understand."

"St. Paul, by these words, casts for us a rapid flood of light over his ministry. Shut up in the prison of Rome suffering from nakedness and cold, he writes for his cloak."

"I'm dead if such a leak can be put into me. I'd have the horse back or —— should blaze."

"The woman set the preserves so near her own end of the table, that nobody could reach them. For my part I called them *silent* preserves, on the principle that they were *introduced but not sounded.* Ha, ha."

"It may be said that man is created in the image of God, as a map is the image of the country it represents."

"He had both bowers, and the game was altogether in his own hand when the internal gump let himself be bluffed off by Ike's bet."

"His end was that of the fool. Although so frequently warned of the dangers of intemperance, he persisted in using the intoxicating draught. The business of the circuit was neglected. Appeals from his legal decisions were frequently taken to the Supreme Court, and frequently sustained. His fellow-judges began to whisper about his growing vice, that he must be discountenanced, and one or two of the clients, who had suffered most by his illegal decisions, loudly threatened to have him impeached before the Legislature. His wife and children, stung to the heart by the scandal of his course, met him with tears and the warmest persuasions, to forsake a habit which would soon bring him to ruin. All in vain.

"He persisted in the use of strong drink until one day, walking down some steps that led to his office, he slipped, fell heavily forward upon his cane, which broke in two, and the sharp fragment entering his stomach, he died in a few hours."

Such is a specimen of the small talk of the cabin. The waiters now insinuate that they must spread the dinner, and we adjourn the sitting.—*Great Valley Trade.*

THE OLD WOMAN.

Gray-hair'd and very old was she,
With many a wrinkle where
The rose and lily once had bloomed,
When life's young morn was there;
And often from her dim old eyes
Methought there fell a tear
Upon her knitting work, that told
Of memories fond and dear.

And oft her bosom heaved a sigh,
As from the open door
She watched the little ones at play,
As she had played of yore.
She knew that cankering cares would come
To spoil the castles fair
Their little hearts were building high,
For they were built in air.

She had been young; and children dear,
She called her own, had crept
Behind her chair to "hide and seek,"—
No wonder that she wept;
For they were dead, and these brought back
The memory of their tone,
And drew those tears to bathe the flowers
In memory's garden sown.

STOCKS AND MONEY.

The vicissitudes of the Stock Exchange are illustrated by numerous anecdotes. The speculative dealer in Stocks is too often poor to day and rich to-morrow. It is related of a member of the London Stock Exchange, about the time of the battle of Waterloo, that having lost a large fortune in his speculations, and his name being chalked on the black-board, he determined to commit suicide. Chancing to pass London Bridge, he met a Frenchman, with whom he had been on terms of intimacy, who came up to him in great haste, exclaiming—

"This is most important news!"

"What news?" asked the other.

"Why, the great battle of Waterloo! The Foreign Secretary and French Ambassador have just received tidings of the signal defeat of Napoleon!"

The speculator, perceiving at once the advantage of such early intelligence on the Stock Exchange, rushed immediately to a firm, with whom he made an arrangement to disclose most important news to them, on condition of receiving one-half the profits resulting from its use. They agreed to his proposal, and he told them the result of the battle of Waterloo; upon which they immediately purchased Consols to a very large amount. He proceeded to another firm, and made the same arrangement with them. When the intelligence was made public, the funds rose fifteen per cent., and the, the man who had not a shilling the day before, received £100,000 as his share of the profits.

At this period, when the French and English opposing armies were meeting with various success, the fluctuations in English Consols were very great. Upon one occasion, a Bear speculator, who had sold very heavily in anticipation of Napoleon's gaining a victory, called on Lord Castlereagh, then Foreign Secretary, to inquire the news.

"I am happy to inform you," said his lordship, "that the British troops have been again victorious."

"I am exceedingly obliged to your lordship for your kindness in giving me the information: I am a ruined man!" said the Stock Exchange speculator, making a low bow and retiring.

There seems to be in these two incidents an evidence of that law of compensation which is expressed in the proverb, "Easy come, easy go." Fortunes made suddenly, almost always burn the fingers of the possessors, till they are got rid of as suddenly as they came. Napoleon, who has spoken pregnantly on so many topics, once said, "I have no idea of a merchant acquiring a fortune as a general wins a battle—at a single blow." He thought that the true path to permanent success is in steady perseverance.

THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

The following sound, clear and Christian views of the marriage relation, are taken from a popular work entitled "Martyria, a Legend," published in this city a few years ago, from the pen of a gifted clergyman:

"Of earthly relations, those of the husband and wife, parent and child, friend and neighbor, master and servant, constitute much the larger portion of man's happiness; and are more important, any one of them than all other together. It is in the observance, the refinement, the strengthening of these commonest, these greatest, those primal relations that happiness is increased, and not in the inordinate accumulation of money, the acquisition of empty fame, or in luxurious indulgences.

"Happiness is to be attained in the accustomed chair by the fireside more than in the honorary occupation of civil office; in a wife's love, infinitely more than in the favor of all human beings else; in children's innocent and joyous prattle, more than in the hearing of flattery, in the reciprocation of little and frequent kindnesses between friend and friend, more than in some occasional and dearly bought indulgence; in the virtue of contentment, more than in the anxious achievements of wealth, distinction and grandeur; in change of heart, more than in change of circumstances; in full and firm trust in Providence, more than in hoping for fortune's favor; in a growing taste for the beauties of nature, more than in the fee-simple inheritance of whole acres of land; in the observance of neatness and regularity, household virtues, rather than in the means of ostentatious and therefore rare display; in a hand-maiden's cheerfulness, more than in the improved tone of politics; and in the friendship of our next door neighbor, more than in the condescending notice of my lord duke.

"Happiness then, must be sought for in simplicity, and not in costliness; in the perpetually recurring, more than in the rare; in abiding peace, rather than in temporary raptures; and next after the well of living water which springeth up into everlasting life in no source else so sedulously, as in these fountains which are fed by the never-failing love of relatives and friends."

MISS BIFFIN—THE LIMBLESS LADY.

This most accomplished person, having been born with neither arms nor legs, contrived to paint miniatures and cut watch papers with her nose.

Miss Biffin, before her marriage, was taken to Covent Garden Theatre, London, early in the evening, before the performance began, by the gentleman to whom she was afterwards united. He, having some other engagement, deposited his fair charge in the corner of the back seat of one of the upper front boxes, where, aided by long drapery, such as children in arms wear, and a large shawl, she sat as unmoved as immovable, enjoying the play and the farce—not perhaps, applauding in the ordinary style by clapping, or expressing her impatience at any needless delay by stamping on the floor.

The engagements, however, of her beau, proved longer than the performance of the theatre. The audience retired, the lights were extinguished, and still Miss Biffin remained. The box-keeper ventured to suggest that as all the company were out, and most of the lights were out too, it was necessary she should retire. Unwilling to discover her misfortune, and not at all knowing how far she might trust the box-keeper, she expressed great uneasiness that her friend had not arrived as he had promised.

"We can't wait here for your friend, Miss. You really must go," was the only reply she obtained from the obdurate janator.

At length Mr. Brandon, then box-book and housekeeper, hearing the discussion, came to the spot, and insinuated the absolute necessity of Miss Biffin's departure, hinting something extremely ungallant about a constable.

"Sir," said Miss Biffin, "I would give the world to go, but I cannot without my friend."

"You cannot have any friend here to-night, ma'am," said Mr. Brandon, "for the doors are shut."

"What shall I do, sir?" said the lady.

"If you will give me your arm, ma'am," said Brandon, "I'll see you down to the stage door, when you can send for a coach."

"Arm, sir!" said the lady, "I wish I could, sir; but I have got no arms."

"Dear me, ma'am," said the box-keeper, "how very odd! However, ma'am, if you get upon your legs, I will take every care of you."

"I have not got any legs, sir," said Miss Biffin.

This entirely puzzled Mr. Brandon, who professed himself much astounded at the intelligence; and, had not Miss Biffin's faithful friend arrived just at this moment, *via* the coach door, it is impossible to imagine what would have happened.

Her intended, who was perfectly alive to all the little peculiarities of his beloved, settled the affair in a moment, by bundling her up, lifting her from her seat, as Cæsar did, "with decency," and carrying her off upon his shoulders, as a butcher's boy would transport a fillet of veal into his tray.

INDIAN INCREDULITY.

Capt. Marcy, it will be remembered, was supposed, about a year ago, to have been cut off while exploring the head waters of Red river. He survived, however, and has lately read an interesting paper before the American Statistical and Geographical Society, describing the region of country which he visited, and particularly its Indian occupants. The following incidents will illustrate the difficulty of explaining modern discoveries to an Indian of the prairies:

"Having upon one occasion a Delaware and a Camanche with me, in the capacity of guides, I was much diverted at a conversation which passed between them, in my presence, and which was interpreted to me by the Delaware.

"It appeared that the latter had stated to the other the fact of the sphericity of the earth's surface. This idea being altogether new and incomprehensible to the Camanche, was received with much incredulity, and, after gazing for a moment at the Delaware, to ascertain if he was sincere, he asked if that person took him for a child, or if he looked like an idiot? The Delaware said no, but the white people, who knew all about these matters, had ascertained such to be the fact; and he added, that the world was not only round, but that it revolved round the sun. The Camanche very indignantly replied, that any man of sense could, by looking off upon the prairies, see at a glance that the earth was level; and, moreover, that his grandfather had been west to the end of it, where the sun passed down behind a vertical wall. The Delaware continued, in his simple but impressive manner, to describe to the Camanche the operations of the steam engine and other objects of interest that he had seen, all of which the Camanche regarded as an effort of a fertile imagination, expressly designed to deceive him; and the only reply he deigned to make was an occasional exclamation in his own language, the interpretation of which the other pronounced to be, 'Hush, you fool!'"

I then endeavored to explain to the Delaware the operations of the magnetic telegraph; and, in illustrating its practical utility, said that a message could be transmitted a thousand miles, and an answer returned in the short period of ten minutes. He seemed much interested in this, and listened attentively to my remarks, but made no comments until I requested him to explain it to the Camanche, when he smilingly said, "I don't think I'll tell him that, Captain, for the truth is, I don't believe it myself!"

☞ The Lowell American endorses the assertion, that "one swallow doesn't make a spring," but thinks that in the present state of things in that city, *several* swallows often make one fall!

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 1, 16, 9, 4, 16, 7, is a ladies article of dress.
My 2, 13, 27, 5, 20, is the name of a female.
My 3, 12, 19, 8, 10, 9, is a river in North America.
My 4, 20, 8, 28, 8, is a river in Mexico.
My 5, 26, 8, 15, is a point of the compass.
My 6, 2, 29, 24, 21, is a part in music.
My 7, 25, 25, 9, 15, 21, 29, is a town in New York.
My 8, 22, 27, 13, 16, 3, is a fresh water ...
My 9, 10, 21, 11, 20, 19, is a man's name.
My 10, 17, is a preposition.
My 11, 5, 8, 6, is an article of dress.
My 12, 29, 21, is an organ.
My 13, 19, 11, 8, is what sustains our country.
My 14, 19, 31, 26, 25, is a species of tree.
My 15, 26, 1, 29, 18, 18, 10, is in general use.
My 16, 17, 21, 22, 9, 6, 24, is a town in Italy.
My 17, 21, 29, 3, 18, 2, is a country in Europe.
My 18, 27, 23, 25, 20, is a woman's name.
My 19, 5, 20, 23, 4, is what every person ought to do.
My 20, 27, 12, is a liquor.
My 21, 2, 19, 30, is what we should do.
My 22, 13, 23, 20, 4, 25, 18, is a yearly publication.
My 24, 10, 29, 25, 16, 26, was President of the United States.
My 24, 18, 6, 10, 1, 2, 21, comes every year.
My 25, 29, 7, is a troublesome animal.
My 26, 23, 5, 21, 8, 21, 4, is a man's name.
My 27, 29, is an interjection.
My 28, 29, 20, 23, 6, was President of the United States.
My 29, 2, 21, 26, was King of Rome at 17 years of age.
My whole has done great honor to its author.
New Hope, Va. — M.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 14, 21, 26, 3, is a lake in Ireland.
My 15, 6, 1, 22, 21, 16, 3, is a river in South Carolina.
My 7, 5, 4, 16, 21, is a river in Africa.
My 9, 1, 21, 24, 23, 12, 12, 25, 26, is a town in Prussia.
My 13, 16, 3, 26, 14, 7, a division of Europe.
My 20, 7, 25, 12, 9, is a river in India.
My 3, 19, 4, 25, 18, 9, 2, 10, 2, 11, 7, 19, 26, 22, is a strait on the Eastern Continent.
My 6, 12, 10, 19, 13, is one of the Barbary States.
My 4, 17, 12, 23, 18, is a town in Austria.
My 14, 24, 21, 23, 17, is a county in Georgia.
My 26, 22, 3, 13, is a town in Austria.
My 15, 2, 5, 8, 20, 9, 14, 24, is a body of water in Europe.
My 9, 16, 21, 23, 14, 3, is a town in Africa.
My whole is a great natural curiosity.
Frankfort, Ky. — C. S. C.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of four syllables.
My first is a verb of three letters,
My second is an article;
My third to pity would be with...
My fourth is on every railroad
My whole is the name of an island.
Lynchburg, Va. — CLIO.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Required the number of cubic feet in a cubic block, which shall contain as many cubic feet as there are square inches on its surface? — J. M.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What word of seven letters reads backwards and forwards the same? Ans.—Reviver.

☞ What word can be formed of 101, 5, 1, and 50? Ans.—Civil.

☞ What is that which ladies look for every day, and are sorry when they find it? Ans.—A hole in the stocking.

☞ Why is education like a tailor? Ans.—It forms our habits.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
Lynchburg and Abingdon Telegraph Company.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.
Apalachicola City on Apalachicola Bay.

CHARADE.—Fox.

PROBLEM.—A, 1⅓; B, 4⅓; and C, 6 gallons.

Agricultural.

TEA CULTURE—ITS LESSONS.

"The Tea Plantation, in South Carolina, of Dr. Junius Smith, is 'neglected and going rapidly to destruction.'"

Such is an "item" now going the rounds of the journals. The fact is simply announced, without seeming to elicit a remark or impel to a reflection. Yet there is a whole chapter of Political Economy in that simple fact, so curtly stated, so thoughtlessly read. Let us set it more distinctly before our readers:

Tea is the almost universal evening beverage of our people. We pay several millions of dollars per annum for it. We think the amount annually paid for it by the actual consumers in this country is not less than twenty millions, though its first cost in China is much less than this. And, as the Chinese require little that we produce for exportation, a good part of it is paid for in cash.

Now we have in this country all the varieties of climate and soil possessed by China, and more. It is morally demonstrable that we can produce everything that she can, with some things that she cannot.

Tea is a product, under Providence, of human labor. If the production were fairly naturalized in this country, the amount of labor required to produce a chest or hundred pounds of it in China would produce a like amount here. Nay, it is morally certain that Yankee ingenuity and intelligence would speedily devise and introduce labor-saving processes and machinery that would greatly abridge the work of gathering and curing it, rendering the labor required more efficient and productive than that of the Chinese now employed in the Tea culture.

Now the consumers of Tea in this country are regularly paying three to four times as much for every pound they consume as the Chinese grower receives for it. Extensive transportation coastward, a long sea-voyage, then transportation inland, with the heavy cash investments, and frequent transfers from owner to owner, make every pound of Tea cost the American consumer several times the sum received for it by the Chinese producer.

Transfer the Tea Culture, so far as the supply of our wants is concerned, from China to those portions of our country best adapted by climate and soil to its successful prosecution, and a very great benefit would result alike to grower and consumer. The farmer who now has a bushel of Wheat, or two of Indian corn, or a Sheep, or a bushel of Apples, to sell for what would buy him two pounds of Tea, would then receive *eight* pounds of Tea for the same amount of his labor or its products. And the large aggregate of capital and business talent now absorbed in the Tea trade, would be liberated and impelled toward works of real utility and beneficence. Instead of two years elapsing between the growing of Tea in China and the drinking of it in Minnesota, with a like expenditure of time in reaching the Tea-grower with our return products, the Tea-crop of 1853 would be exchanged for a portion of the American Wheat-crop, Cotton-crop, Hog-crop, &c., of that same year, and a serious waste of property through sea-damp, wrecks, fires, &c., &c., be avoided. There would be far less adulteration and mischief from poisonous curing, packing in lead, &c., than at present, for each maker's ways would soon become known to the purchasers of his crop, and ultimately to the consumers, who would avoid the hurtful and prefer the salutary. We do not consider Tea a healthful beverage at best; but it certainly is far less so at present than it need be, because of the chemical ignorance or recklessness of those who do not care whether the Tea they put up for "foreign white devils" is poisonous or not.

Then why do we not grow our own Teas?

For the same reasons, substantially, that prevent our growing our own Silk, and that for many years prevented our growing our own Wool or Cotton, and making our own Cotton, Silk, and Woollen fabrics. It is a serious, a costly, a critical task, to naturalize a new branch of Industry in the face of the natural competition and hostility of those whose vested interests must thereby be unfavorably affected. The Tea-seed must be procured from China, and the growers there, unenlightened with regard to the real interest which Labor everywhere has in the universal diffusion of all Arts and Products, will naturally regard and resist the exportation of the best Tea-seed as prejudicial to their interests. So the Tea-shippers, commission merchants, importers, &c., will all regard the establishment of the Tea Culture here as a deadly blow to the craft whereby they have their wealth. Then the proper climate, soil, culture, &c., for Tea in this country have all to be ascertained by patient and repeated experiments, which, however triumphant in their results, must be costly in their progress. If an individual undertake the naturalization of a new art or branch of productive industry, however adapted and important, he breaks down or dies (as Dr. Smith has done) before success is attained, and all goes to wreck.

But an individual *ought not* to bear the cost of such an understanding. Its success is a National concern, and the Nation should back the experiment. Individuals may die, but the nation survives. An outlay which would ruin almost any individual, would be but a flea-bite to the Nation. And one such branch of industry as the Tea Culture, fairly established, and thriving among us, would be worth more to the Nation than all the Mesilla Valleys between Labrador and Cape Horn.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE JAPAN PEA.—At the late annual meeting of the U. S. Agricultural Society, at Washington, as we learn from the National Intelligencer, Prof. Mapes, of New Jersey, handed to the President a portion of the vine or stalk of the Japan pea, which was raised last season in Suffolk county, New Jersey. The seed was originally obtained from some of the company of a Japanese vessel, wrecked on the coast of California, and formed a portion of their food. He described it as a plant whose botanical character had not yet been precisely settled, but which was probably well deserving the attention of agriculturists. The specimen offered was cut off at about two feet from the ground, and was thickly studded around with seed pods, thus producing very many times the crop of the ordinary pea of our gardens. In planting, these peas are set at about five feet apart, and in the course of their growth cover the whole surface of the intervening ground. They require no sticking, or other support, the stem being quite stiff and unyielding. This pea appears to be specially useful for feeding to horses; but may, no doubt, also be made to contribute largely to human sustenance.

CURE FOR ROSE-BUGS.—A subscriber wishes to know if any one can suggest a method of preventing the yearly incursions of the rose-bug, and bearing considerable complaint among our neighbors at having their cucumbers, grapes, and other fruit destroyed by these insects, I will suggest a remedy. Plant in the centre of your garden a few damask rose-bushes, and they will never light on anything else. We have a large garden with almost every kind of fruit, vines, shrubbery, and flowers, with several kinds of roses, and in the centre we have four bunches of damask rose-bushes, and I never saw in the whole garden a rose-bug on anything but the damask rose. When they are in blossom, I go into the garden once a day with a pan of hot water, and shake the bugs from these roses into the water, and get about a pint at one time; this I practice for a few days, and then they will disappear.

RUST.—Speaking of the rust on wire fences, the Scientific American says: "It will be no easy matter to galvanize a rusty wire fence; but it certainly would be a good plan to prepare wire for fences by galvanizing it before it is offered for sale. If rusty wire is rubbed with boiled oil, in which some red lead has been mixed, on a warm day, the rusting process will be arrested."

GEOLOGICAL CHANGES.—An English periodical states that Sir Charles Lyell is engaged on a new edition of his Principles, which, among other matters, is to contain the sum of all we know concerning great geological changes. In connection with this subject an interesting point is raised by Alfred Taylor, who contends that the sea level, which is usually taken as the datum in geological and other scientific calculations, is by no means to be considered as permanent. He shows that the solid matters discharged into the sea by rivers would form a deposit three inches in thickness over the bottom in the course of 10,000 years, and consequently raise the level of the water by that amount. The Ganges drains 400,000 square miles, and in 1,751 years would reduce the level of that vast region by one foot. The Mississippi, which drains 1,100,000, carries one foot from the surface of the soil into the sea in 9,000 years. Thus the level of the land will be lowered, while that of the sea is raised; the latter cannot, therefore, be regarded as fixed and permanent in geological calculations.

☞ SINGULAR, IF TRUE.—"It's our opinion," says a cotemporary, "that if a number of gentlemen are sitting together, talking sensibly upon some sensible subject, and a lady enters, they immediately commence talking foolishly, and keep it up till she makes her exit."

The Olio.

THE SUMMER WEBS.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

The summer webs that float and shine,
The summer dews that fall,
Though light they be, this heart of mine
Is lighter still than all.
It tells me every cloud is past
Which lately seem'd to lower—
That Hope hath wed young Joy at last,
And now's their nuptial hour!

With light thus round, within, above,
With nought to make me sigh,
Except the wish that all we love
Were at this moment nigh,
It seems as if life's brilliant sun
Had stopped in full career,
To make this hour its brightest one,
And rest in radiance here.

VIOLENCE AND TRUTH.—It is a strange and tedious war, when violence attempts to vanquish truth. All the efforts of violence cannot weaken truth, and only serve to give it fresh vigor. All the lights of truth cannot arrest violence, and only serve to exasperate it. When force meets force, the weaker must succumb to the stronger; when argument is opposed to argument, the solid and the convincing triumph over the empty and false; but violence and verity can make no impression on each other. Let none suppose, however, that the two are therefore, equal to each other; for there is this vast difference between them, that violence has only a certain course to run, limited by the appointment of Heaven, which overrules its effects to the glory of the truth which it assails, whereas verity endures forever, and eventually triumphs over its enemies, being eternal and almighty as God Himself.—*Pascal.*

POWERS OF MEMORY.—A late number of the *Illustrated News* says:—We have often heard extraordinary anecdotes of the memory of men who could commit long poems by heart on hearing them once read, and the like; but when the dryness of the subject is taken into consideration, we cannot remember any instance more singular than that of Herr Von Nieubür, the celebrated German scholar, who was once a clerk in the bank of Copenhagen; in that capacity, he gave proof of the miraculous power of his memory, by restoring by recollection alone, the whole contents of a leaf in the bank ledger, which had been lost by fraud or accident.

A STAGE TRICK.—Speaking of stage tricks of actors and actresses, the Pen and Pencil says:

"This reminds me of Grisi's famous trick by which to get some stimulant during one of her exhausting scenes. The play required her to kneel down to a mound, and press her lips to it in a paroxysm of sorrow. This mound was so made that a mug could be presented from beneath; and while Grisi, in an agony of grief, lies prostrate on the mound, she manages, in a very quiet way, to take one good long pull at porter, and in voice and spirit goes on with her song. 'She wipeth her mouth and saith, I have done no wickedness,'—and she hadn't!"

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN ENGLAND.—The present fashion, in England, at marriages, is to have heaps of bridesmaids. Lady Edith Hastings, who was married to Fred. Clifton, had eleven bridesmaids, all attired in white muslin dresses over pink silk, with pink silk bonnets trimmed with white lilac. Each had a bouquet ornamented with pink ribbons. The bride wore a dress of Honiton lace over poult de soie, a wreath of orange flowers on her head, and a Honiton lace veil over her shoulders. In England, except in very rare instances, all marriages taken place in church between the hours of 8 in the morning, and 12 at noon.

For the Young.

ANIMAL HEAT.

Q. Why does *inhaling air rapidly* make the body feel *warm?*

A. Because *more oxygen* is introduced into the body. In consequence of which, the combustion of the blood is *more rapid*—the blood itself *more heated*—and every part of the body is made warmer.

Q. How does the *combination* of *oxygen* with the *blood* produce animal *heat?*

A. The principal element of the blood is *carbon;* and this carbon (combining with the oxygen of the air inhaled) produces *carbonic acid gas*, in the same way as burning fuel.

Q. What becomes of the *nitrogen* of the air after the oxygen enters the blood?

A. It is thrown out from the lungs unaltered, by the act of breathing; to be again mixed with *oxygen* and converted into common air.

Q. Can you explain how we *breathe?*

A. By a *muscular action*, we make an enlarged space in the chest; the *pressure* of the external atmosphere *forces air* into this space, to fill it. By a *second* muscular action the lungs are compressed, and the air *forced* out and escapes. The air which escapes is chiefly nitrogen.

Q. Why does the vitiated air (after the oxygen has been absorbed) *come out* of the mouth, and not sink into the stomach?

A. Because a mechanical provision is made in the upper part of the windpipe and gullet for this purpose.

N. B. The lungs are a *hollow, spongy* mass, capable of confining air, and of being *distended.* They are situated in the thorax (or chest.) The air must enter into them, whenever the cavities of the thorax are enlarged. The process of breathing is performed thus: When we INHALE, the thorax (or chest) is *expanded;* in consequence of which a *vacuum is formed round the lungs*, and the external air constantly enters (through the mouth and throat) *to supply* this vacuum.

When we EXHALE the thorax *contracts*, in consequence of which, it can no longer hold the *same quantity* of air as it did before; and part of it is necessarily *expelled.* When this expulsion of air takes place, the lungs and *muscles* of the windpipe and gullet *contract* in order to assist the process.

Q. If (both in combustion and respiration) the *oxygen* of the air is *consumed*, and the *nitrogen rejected*—Why are not the *proportions* of the *air destroyed?*

A. Because the *under surface of vegetable leaves* (during the day) gives out *oxygen* gas, and thus restores to the air the very element which it has been deprived.

Q. Whence do leaves *obtain* the oxygen which they exhale?

A. From the *carbonic acid* absorbed by their *roots* from the soil, and carried to the leaves by the rising *sap.*

N. B. Carbonic acid (it must be remembered) is a compound of carbon and oxygen.

Q. How do plants contrive to absorb carbonic acid from the soil?

A. It rises (by capillary attraction) through the small fibrous roots, after it has been dissolved in the soil by water.

Q. If leaves throw off the *oxygen* of the carbonic acid, what becomes of the carbon?

A. It is retained to give *firmness* and solidity to the plant itself.

Q. Show how God has made *animal* life dependent on that of *vegetables?*

A. *Animals* require *oxygen* to keep them alive, and *draw it from the air* by respiration. The under surface of *leaves gives out oxygen*, and thus supplies the air with the *very principle* required for the use of animals.

Q. Show how God has made *vegetables* dependent on that of animal.

A. Plants require *carbonic acid*, which is their *principal food;* and all animals exhale the same gas from their lungs. Thus *animals* supply animals with *oxygen*, and *animals* supply plants with *carbonic acid.*—From "*Familiar Science*," edited by R. H. Peterson.

For Housekeepers.

STEWED BEEF'S KIDNEY.—Clear the kidney of all the fat, cut it in two, and with a sharp knife cut out the fibre which runs through the middle of it. Lay it in a sauce-pan with a very little water and a little salt, cover it closely, and let it stew till it is perfectly tender, then take it up and cut it in small pieces, season it with pepper, and more salt if requisite, and return it to the stew pan; let it stew till there are about two spoonsful of gravy remaining in the pan, then add a piece of butter and a little flour. Let it boil once and serve it.

FRIED BEEF'S KIDNEY.—Clean all the fat from the kidney, cut it open and take out the fibre which runs through it; put it in a stew-pan with a very little water and some salt, and cover it till it is tender; then season it with pepper, and more salt it required, flour it and fry it in lard, add a little flour and water to make the gravy. Or, you may broil instead of frying it, after it has been parboiled.

CORNED BEEF.—One hundred pounds of beef, six pounds of coarse salt, two ounces and a half of saltpetre, one pound and a half of sugar, four gallons of water. Mix the above ingredients together and pour over the meat. Cover the tub closely.

JEWISH METHOD OF PREPARING BEEF SALTING.—Take out all the veins. Sprinkle with salt and let it lay for half an hour; then wash off all the salt and soak it half an hour in water, drain it and then put it in the pickle directed above.—*National Cook Book.*